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BENEDICT ARNOLD.



BENEDICT ARNOLD.

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY LUCMO.

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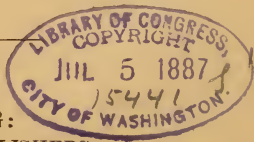
J. H. Curry

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DEDICATION.

TO DR. W. R. L. SMITH, LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

As a bond for title to my gratitude, as a token of my appreciation of your sympathy with every endeavor of the humblest toilers in the strife, as a pledge of filial loyalty, I bring this little offering, a few flowers from the gardens of historic lore and fancy's nursery. They are odorous with the breath of love, and moist with the dew of the heart. Press them between the leaves of your memory, and in after years may their mellowed fragrance breathe a benediction over your spirit as you recall the time you inspired a faint heart with hope.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFATORY.

THE surprise is sudden when we come to think: Why has not a thrilling Tragedy or Romance been produced from the startling facts in the life of Benedict Arnold? Surely there is no field more inviting; for there have lived few men with lives so crowded with surprises, paradoxes, hopes, fears, successes, failures, as was the wild, strange life of Benedict Arnold. I have constructed this Drama out of the materials furnished from history mainly, and from tradition. "Sparks' Life of Washington and Treason of Arnold," "Irving's Life of Washington," "George Canning Hill's Life of Arnold," I have examined critically; and if I dissent from them in regard to Mrs. Arnold's part in the plot, it is because I have had other facts they have not recorded, and also from the natural conclusion of the aggregated facts of the complete transaction. In other words, I hold that Mrs. Arnold, *née* Miss Shippen, was the chief inspirer of the dark and daring deed; that she was the Lady Macbeth to urge him to the sticking point. She and her mother were tories; her father was a colonial sympathizer. The story is based on the facts of the case as elicited from a multitude of witnesses who have been cross-examined closely. The opening scene is Arnold's arraignment before the Council at Philadelphia. Any one conversant with the facts will appreciate this proceeding or trial, especially any lawyer; for the exact relation between the civil and military authority was not definitely defined and the question of jurisdiction was a pertinent one then and would afford grounds of appeal or necessitate a motion to quash the bill of complaint. And this arraignment of Arnold was not only questionable on legal grounds, but it was

manifestly the outcome of envy and hate. However much or little he deserved such harsh treatment let the facts disclose. There are, of course, some anachronisms and a few characters brought on the scene with changed names, and blanks in the historic narrative have been supplied in this production to perfect the dramatic situation ; but the whole plot is real, and worked up from the facts, except the scene of Arnold's death, which, while traditional, bears the marks of genuineness. The idea of this work is to teach the doctrine of Retribution. Whatsoever we sow that we reap, and violated law of body, mind or conscience, brings its own penalty ; and woe to him who lives for self, but honor and glory for him who lives sublimely in doing the right because it is right and not for the hope of reward.

CAST.

GEN. REED—President of the Council at Philadelphia, before which charges against Gen. Arnold were preferred.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON—Secretary of War.

LaFAYETTE,	}	Generals in the Army.
PUTNAM,		
KNOX,		
GREENE,		
GATES,		

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

MAJOR ANDRE—British Army.

CLINTON—General in Command of British at New York.

MAJ. McHENRY—Aid-de-camp to LaFayette.

CAPT. WHARTON—Pros. Att'y before the Council.

MORRIS—Arnold's Attorney.

SHIPPEN—Father of Arnold's wife and afterwards Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.

PRIEST—Who officiated at Arnold's marriage and his death.

PAULDING, VAN-WERT and WILLIAMS—Three Militiamen who captured Andre.

RICHARD AND HENRY ARNOLD—Sons of Arnold by first wife.

MISS MAGGIE SHIPPEN—Afterwards Arnold's wife.

MADAME SHIPPEN—Mother of Maggie Shippen.

MISS HATTIE ARNOLD—Only daughter of the marriage with Miss Shippen.

SIR STULTUS—A knave and jester.

SOLDIERS, GUARDS, &c., &c.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

ACT I—SCENE I.

(Court-room in Philadelphia before the Council. Pres. and Judges on Bench. Attorneys and Spectators present. Time 1779. Enter CAPT. WHARTON of the Court and addresses Council.)

Wharton.

Your honor please and rev'rend councillors,
The officer appointed by the Court
To serve the writ of summons has returned
And makes report that service cannot be
Upon defendant now obtained; indeed

(Reads paper in his hand.)

He here reports that late as yesterday,
One week ago, defendant left in haste
The city, but for what, is ignorant.

Pres. Reed.

Was not accused, by legal process, made
Acquainted with the fact that here to-day
He would be called to answer make, and plead
Unto the charges here alleged and filed?

Wharton.

Your honor please, a copy of the same
Was duly forwarded defendant, sir,

And by him was received while in the camp
Of Washington at Valley Forge;
But, sirs, it seems that he no notice took
Of this proceeding of the court, but did
In terms contemptuous speak of this affair
As if it were a farce, or solemn mockery.

Reed.

The officer will then proceed with due
Authority, and in the name of law
Supreme, before this court immediately
Compel defendant Arnold to appear.

Morris (Arnold's attorney and friend).

Your Honor please, and Judges honorable,
I beg the leave to say, defendant needs
No special effort made, or summoning,
Nor mandate harsh, with magisterial seal
Or scroll affixed to have him here before
The court; nay more, with readiness awaits
He, sirs, the hour when cheerfully and full
And satisfactorily he will reply
To all the charges brought or here alleged.
Think not, most honored councillors, he dreads
This hour, but most eagerly he waits
The opportunity when he before
Fair judges and most honorable can lay
His cause, and have his vindication made
Complete by men who honest are and will
Be glad a righteous verdict to pronounce.

Wharton.

Then why not, at this time and place, appear

According to announcement of the Court,
If he in truth so earnestly desires
His *spotless, saintly* character exposed?

Morris.

Your honor please I solemnly protest
Against proceedings thus, in absence of
Defendant. 'Tis beneath the dignity
Of this tribunal here convened to sit
In judgment on a man—yea, officer—
Who bears a name for gallantry not one
In all the Army, sir, would blush to own.
'Twas he who made defeat seem honorable
Before the flinty walls of Quebec's heights;
'Twas he who snatched with superhuman skill
And strength the victory of Bemis heights,
Though robbed of his command and forced to fight
Within the rank and file. This daring soul
Inspired the troops and sent the thrill of hope
Through every heart which won that bloody day.
He bears the scars of battle on his front
That tell a tale more eloquent and true
Than human tongue can speak or pen can paint.

Judge Reed.

That Arnold is a man of chivalry,
An officer of merit well deserved,
No one dares question here; but then, alas!
The very best of men, ostensibly,
Have quite another phase of life not known
So openly, except it falleth out
That little heed is given or care bestowed

In reference to others who are on
The watch to quick detect what might have passed
Unnoticed by the unsuspecting eye.

Wharton (in subdued tones he speaks to ALL and no one in particular).

Ah, yes; 'twill soon appear that for this Court,
The President especially, supreme
Contempt he bears, and most defiantly
Parades it forth, but then they'll see it soon
When he disputes the Court's authority.

(Addressing the Court.)

Your honor please, and noble councillors,
That writ be issued, I insist, to bring
Defendant *vi et armis* into Court.

Morris.

Your Honor please, and Judges honorable,
I am assured beyond all doubt that soon
Defendant will before the Court appear
And have excuse to plead for this delay;
Some cause, we know not of, I doubt it not,
Hath kept him thus so far beyond the hour.

(Looking out of window sees Arnold approaching.)

Ah, now your Honor please I see he comes—

(Addressing Wharton.)

And when he comes, I pray you mark his mien,
The clever bearing he sustains before
This august Court, and see if you'll detect
The proud, defiant man, aristocrat
As you have pictured here so graphically.

(Arnold enters with polite bows and apologies.)

Arnold.

Your Honor please and noble councillors
I beg, and truly, sirs, your pardon for
This long delay; but matters very grave,
We might add serious, have kept me late.

Judge Reed.

This awkward tardiness, and on the part
Of officers of trust especially,
The men on whom the public eye is fixed,
With whom entrusted are such interests,
Not light responsibilities indeed,
Doth faintly speak in terms commendingly.

Arnold.

But, sirs, a representative I had
Before the Court, and had your honors thought
To have proceeded with the case, 'twould not
To me at least have been objectionable.
In truth, your Honor please, I only knew
Of this proceeding, sirs, while on my way
To Albany, in camp at Valley Forge,
Where, I had stopped with General Washington
To lay before his mind my future plans,
And his emphatic sanction to obtain.
But suddenly there came a messenger
With the announcement, most vehemently
Pronounced, that I in person must appear
Before the council here, and to defend
Or rather vindicate my character.
In haste I came with unabated speed,
Forsook my journey on to Albany,
And with but little awkward tardiness

I have arrived and will most cheerfully
An answer make; but as the eager Court
Has deemed it so important to proceed
For fear of Justice's disapproving smile
In halting for a spell, I now repeat
I had a representative, and he
Could certainly have answer made
Most satisfactorily unto a court
So strict for justice and for honesty.

Judge Reed (roughly).

The prisoner is aware that legally
We could not have proceeded with the case
In absence of accused, contrary to
A maxim of the law that's known to all
Who care to know the practice of the Court.

Arnold.

I clearly understand, your Honor please,
This custom of the Court, but certainly
I'm not before this Court on charges held
As in the case of those regarded criminals?
But let me see the charges here alleged;
I read them not when they were forwarded,
While in the camp, and hence I'm in the dark
Concerning this quite strange proceeding, sirs.

Judge Reed.

Attorney for the State will please proceed
To lay before the Court the case and read
Each sep'rate count recorded in the bill
And passed upon—

Arnold (speaks emphatically).

As passed upon by whom?

Judge Reed.

A Jury, sir, and of the Commonwealth;
A Jury, sir, of Pennsylvania State,
The peers of patriots, conservators
Of sacred rights inviolable, sir,
And guardians of our liberties and laws
That would be trampled on, ignored and spurned
By base usurpers and aristocrats.

Arnold.

But let us have the charges in the bill
Not simply, sir, alleged, but verified
And then it will be time to name and brand
The criminal; but let us understand
That there be lying tongues and sland'rous lips
Now busy in their fiendish, ghoulisn work
Of damning reputation and fair names.
To him who's thus inspired for such a task
I here forewarn, *escape!* he dare not hope
For such a boon. Before the gods I swear
To stop not in my search till I have found
The hiding places of such imps of hell,
And drag them forth into the light of day
Where they can sun themselves before the gaze
So scrutinous of those who've never seen
Their true deformity.

(Sensation and disorder.)

Judge Reed.

The Court commands that order be observed;

Not one more interruption or delay
Will be allowed, nor unbecoming speech
Like this from prisoner here.

Arnold. No prisoner, sir!
By whose authority speak you the word?

Judge Reed.

The Sheriff will obey the Court's commands
And hold the prisoner here in custody
To answer for contempt of Court if one
More interruption shall occur to-day.

Morris.

Your Honor please, and Judges honorable,
We now unto the ruling of the Court
Exception take, and do a motion make
(Which will be overruled we are assured)
To now remove the cause upon the grounds
Of lack of jurisdiction of this Court;
Then, sirs, to Congress we do take appeal
Where righteous vindication shall be made
And honorable acquittal be pronounced.

Wharton.

Your Honor, please, the Council of the State
Has jurisdiction, in such cases brought,
Supreme; and they are not appealable.

Morris.

Your Honor dare not make a ruling thus,
When more than once the question has been settl'd;
Though it is true, in matters of the State,
Unmixed with questions of the Government,

Is vested power supreme; but in a cause
Like this, arraigning as a criminal
A regular commissioned officer
In active service of the Government,
And charges that affect him only, sir,
Officially, you disregard, nay more,
You set aside the Constitution, sir,
The shield and bulwark of our liberty.
Refuse our plea or interpose your power,
And then your Honor soon shall understand
Elsewhere than here there is a power supreme.

Judge (very sternly).

The charges brought are properly before
The proper Court, and it is ruled that now
The answer shall be made. Although he claims
Protection from the general Government,
Defendant is no less a citizen
Because a soldier of the Government—
To him secured, as to the humblest of
Our citizens, his life, his property.
Therefore allegiance to the State he owes
And should be strictly held amenable
To law as any other citizen.
Besides, the counsel for defendant did
Before the court announce your willingness
To stand or fall according to the law,
And you, in language unmistakable,
Affirmed the cause might have proceeded here
Though you were absent from the Court.
Is this not true, that by this speech you did
Confess the jurisdiction of the Court?

Arnold.

Your Honor please, I then was ignorant
Of the true character of charges brought;
I thought, perhaps, 'twas some offense so slight
As scarcely to deserve the notice of
This august Court; for surely I would not
Have here appeared if I had even dreamed
Of being held according to the bill.
No power have you to try an officer
Of rank, on charges such as here you have;
He only is subordinate unto
The court appointed by the Government.

Wharton.

Your Honor please, the charges here preferred
Were duly sent, or copy of the same,
To prisoner while in camp near Valley Forge;
And now in total ignorance he seems
To be. It is a trick he plays to shirk
And shun the trying ordeal of this hour;
And this refusal, sir, to answer make
Is *prima facie* evidence of guilt.

Morris.

Your Honor please, it surely does appear
To any one, except he be stone-blind,
That prejudice and spiteful enmity,
Not love for justice nor respect for law,
Began this work—a persecution, sir;
And though we granted your prerogative,
The jurisdiction claimed in matters thus
To go to trial here, we still decline
And therefore unto Congress we appeal.

Arnold.

No, sir; your Honor has betrayed the fact
That it is possible for e'en a Judge
Of-Pennsylvania justice to become
A bitter partisan, to justice blind.

(Sensation among the Judges.)

Ah no, my lords and noble councillors,
The cloaks ye wear, the spotless ermine pure,
May wear as well and fit as gracefully
On tyrant's shoulders as on patriots.
The base conspirators of proud old Rome
The toga wore, the cloaks of honesty;
But underneath the mask was there concealed
The treacherous dagger in a traitor's hand;
And even in the name of liberty,
A conscience-stupefying drug, they struck
The hellish blow of murd'rous villainy!
Away, to Congress I appeal, and there
Shall Justice trumpet forth my innocence
And all the world shall know there is one man
Who's not ashamed to face the record he
Has made, though writ in characters of blood!

(Excitement, confusion and tumult. Arnold leaves with lawyer and friends in disgust.)

Judge Reed.

The Sheriff will adjourn the Court, and go
Prepared with proper writ immediately
To bring as prisoner before the Court
Defendant Arnold. For his cool contempt,
So manifest, he'll answer grievously.

(Enter Messenger in haste from Gen. Washington.)

Your Honor please, a message here I bring
From Gen'ral Washington and relative
To this proceeding of Arnold, sir.

(Hands paper to Judge Reed, who reads a moment.)

Judge Reed.

Here is the order sent from Washington
To have appointed from the Council here
Wise men and true to meet commission of
The Congress convened, and this will be
The Court to sit in judgment finally
Upon the case. This Court is now adjourned.

(All retire except Reed and Pros. Att'y Wharton, who hold a short conference)

Wharton (with bated breath).

Now let the matter be quick put in shape,
For it is best that it has turned out so;
For we can sure convict the wretch before
The high commission, and his conduct here
To-day will greatly aid us in our plan
To show him forth in all his villainy.

Judge Reed.

Then be it understood we push the case.
I now will go to think it out, and you
Will meet me after ten to-night at home.

(Exit Judge Reed.)

Wharton.

Ah, by the gods, we'll scotch the vipers yet!

(Wharton retires from the stage. End of 1st Scene.)

ACT I—SCENE II.

(*In the parlor of Judge Shippen. Miss Shippen alone and soliloquizing.*)

Miss Shippen.

Oh, how I do detest and hate the wretch,
This Captain Wharton who is so puffed up
With vanity and pride contemptible!
And, verily, he hates the General.
In quantity his heart doth overflow;
In quality 'tis gall and wormwood mixed.
Oh, how his jealous soul would thrill with joy
To sure succeed in making all believe
That General Arnold was a villain base,
A petty coward, mean, contemptible!

(*Summons at the door.*)

But hush! I hear a summons at the door;
My heart is in my throat; suppose it is
The *General*, but oh, that voice—not his—
Ah, yes 'tis he; his very foot-steps fall
Like music on my ears—but here he comes.

(*Enter Arnold.*)

Arnold.

Your pardon I entreat, Miss Maggie, for
Intruding thus without obtaining leave
Or even hinting by a note my wish
To spend an evening hour with you all.

(*Judge Shippen enters parlor.*)

Judge Shippen.

Most gladly, General, do we welcome you;
Our home is open always, as our hearts,

To all our friends, and you especially.
So let's be seated for the very talk
I've purposed oft to have before you leave
For your command, at West Point, I believe.
The thought of sending word for you to come
Was shaping in my mind this very hour.

Arnold.

Most fortunate I am indeed and more
Than happy here to be among my friends.

Miss Shippen.

Our wishes often are presentiments,
Nay prophecies perhaps we might affirm,
Therefore you've not surprised us over much.

Arnold.

I certainly must speak my happiness
To know I'm thus so kindly kept in mind
By cherished friends who know what friendship means.
How yearningly my soul doth sigh for this!
An angel's tongue could faintly syllable
The unvoiced gratitude that fills my heart.

Miss Shippen.

But, Gen'ral, if you knew just what was thought
Or said of you, and not by loyalists,
You might perhaps be more sparing in thus
Bestowing gratitude; for those there be
Who have aught else than honey on their tongues
In syllabbling your name and fame aloud.
And just now father made remark to you
That you were in his mind when you arrived;

The proverb, I believe, goes somehow thus:
"Think of his majesty, his imp appears; "
But then, perhaps, it might be nearer this:
"Think of the angels, and you hear their wings."

Arnold.

Indeed it is most singular that oft
We have fulfillment of our thoughts by the
Appearance sudden of the ones we had
For years forgot. There is a law of mind
Or heart not understood in our philosophy;
But there must be a mutual sympathy
To bring together, and invisibly,
Responsive minds—by unseen cords they're held.
There is indeed a spirit intercourse.
But to return to your remark, I do
Emphatically appreciate the fact
That those there are who fain would rob me of
My character by slanderous villainy.
I feel, and keenly so, the thrusts they make,
But, coward like, it's in the dark they stab.

Judge Shippen.

But, General, you are not ignorant
Of those who are your true, admiring friends.
The spirit must proceed from hell that prompts
Such conduct on the part of those who are
Endeavoring with all their jealous hate
To drag your honor down into the dust
And trying hard to damn your character;
But know that there are those who are your friends.

Arnold.

I thank you, sir; and gratefully I feel

The force of kindness thus and sympathy ;
Therefore most gladly would I tell you all
And thus expose the cruel villainy
Of my chief enemies. In fact I have
Resigned command of Philadelphia post
To rid myself of such vile company.

Judge Shippen.

And who are they, I pray? And do they seem
Intent upon their course iniquitous?

Arnold.

Ah, had you witnessed, sir, the farce they played
On yesterday, a mockery sublime—
I'll dignify it not by saying trial.

(Continuing to speak, but to Miss Shippen.)

But then perhaps, Miss Maggie, you prefer
To hear more pleasant themes than this discussed?

Miss Maggie.

There are, most certainly, more pleasant themes ;
But none there are perhaps to all concerned
More full of interest, so then, if not
Forbidden, I would much prefer remain.
We are not ignorant of ev'ry thing—
It seems that Wharton is in love with you.

Arnold.

His name I spit as poison from my tongue ;
But pardon me, I pray, for speaking thus.
The very thought of him doth me provoke
Beyond endurance, I am grieved to say.

Judge S.

Now, General, we should be pleased to have
More information, and from you yourself;
And if there's aught that can be done to aid
You, sir, in this affair you know
You have our sympathy.

Arnold.

Most certainly,

Dear Judge, do I appreciate these words.
But let me now reveal a secret fact
To you unknown, as it will grievous be :
There are, right here in Philadelphia,
A host of spies—your very neighbors, sir,
They are—who look with dark, suspicious eye
Not only, sir, on me but on yourself.
They whisper in the secret closet now,
But soon they'll on the house-top loud proclaim
That you disloyal have become and are
Against the war of Independence ;
Or, more, in sympathy with the Royalists.

Judge S. (vehemently).

On what, sir, do they predicate such views?
What act or speech of mine that doth betray
Me as a British sympathizer and
Against the Colonies—my Government?

Arnold.

It is because the public eye has marked
You close when we have met familiarly ;
And more, the public ear has caught the news,
However false it matters not, that here
Within your home have talks been freely made

That hinted much of treason damnable.
The busy tongue of slander syllables
Aloud that your fair daughter and your wife
Have secret correspondence with those
Beyond the lines, with British officers.

Judge S.

But your reply I cannot understand
In reference unto yourself; for why
Should I suspected be because I am
Oft seen with you is passing strange indeed.
But I confess the fact, it grieves me much
That Margaret, my daughter here, cannot
Become a sympathizer with our cause;
But she is less a tory than they think,
And my dear wife is simply politic.
These sneaking curs, that snarl and whine and bite
Behind the back or in the dark, who may
They be, I pray?

Arnold.

Ah, rightly have you nam'd
These lazy curs forever whining 'round;
These cowards mean, contemptible; they are
The uncouth common herd; envious are
Of you, of all who are above their sphere,
And, with a hatred insuppressible,
Of everything like aristocracy,
Upon a level with themselves they seem
Determined hence to drag all classes down.
They raise the demon cry of tyranny,
Of traitors damnable who ought to die;
But I will show that there is dignity
In rank, and royalty there is in blood.

Judge S.

But Arnold, dear, you must remember that
It is this very thought of royalty,
Of blood hereditary, that doth fire
The patriot's soul. The cry that stirs the heart
And nerves the soldiery with courage true
Is, "down with tyrants and aristocrats
And up with freemen by royalty oppressed!"

Miss Shippen.

Ah yes, this is the cry of knaves and fools;
The fools do echo back the cry of knaves.
How pitiful indeed the sorry sight
To see the game designing tricksters play!

(Summons at the door—Wharton announced—Miss Shippen agitated, and says :)

And sure it is that horrid Wharton now,
And he will call for me. What shall I do?

Arnold.

But you must see him now and also treat
Him very sociably. I have a point
To make, so do not let him know that I
Have called to-night. Your father will retire
With me into this room apart and there
Will wait till he is gone; but there, he comes!

*(Arnold and Judge Shippen go into adjoining room and
Wharton enters the parlor.)*

Wharton.

A pleasant evening may I wish for thee,
Miss Maggie, as thou sittest here alone.

Miss S.

I thank thee, Captain. Wilt thou join me here,
Beside the window, where we get the breeze?

Wharton.

And you all alone to-night? But then
You have your music and your books to keep
You company.

Miss S.

And I believe you sing
And much enjoy the parlor as the camp?
Why not accept this seat and favor me
With one of your late songs, and so much praised?

Wharton.

I thank you heartily, but now I have—
Am sorry I am sure—but little time
To spend in your delightful company.
And are you here alone? I thought perhaps
That he—but then I will not name the wretch—
And you are blest with your own thoughts to-night?

Miss S.

Why, certainly; and don't you see I am
Alone, and do you think I am afraid?
Sometimes ourselves are our best company.

Wharton.

Your pardon now, Miss Shippen, I would beg;
But here I've called to now make known to you
The truth concerning an affair I know
Not pleasant to your ears; but I refer
To Arnold, who is my chief enemy.

Most thoroughly I know you understand
 How he succeeds in calling forth my hate,
 Not only for the reason of his crimes,
 But that he dares to rival me in your
 Esteem, and by deception's cunning art.
 He has of late provoked me till I am
 Determined he shall answer make upon
 The field of honor, and the challenge will
 To him be forwarded immediately.
 His reputation with the pistol has
 Been made, and therefore that will be his mode,
 And here's the weapon that shall tell the tale.

(Here exhibits the pistol.)

His heart, as black as hell itself, shall be
 The target for my sure and certain aim.

*(Accidentally pistol falls and fires—Miss S. faints—Whar-
 ton dumfounded retires—Arnold and family run in the
 room).*

Judge S.

Quick! go some one immediately and bring
 The Surgeon here! Dear Gen'ral, will you go?

Arnold.

Most certainly; a moment, he'll be here.

(Exit Arnold.)

Mrs. Shippen.

Kind Heaven, what does all this mean, I pray!
 Come, Maggie dear, my daughter, are you killed?
 Thank God she lives. Dear darling, can't you speak?

(Here she rallies and speaks to her Mother.)

And here I swear, and now, this thing must stop
Or by the gods I'll stop the villain's breath.

(Enter Judge S.)

Judge S.

What did you just then, General, observe?

Arnold.

Not anything of consequence, but was
As I quite often do unconsciously
When left alone, soliloquizing, sir.

(Summons at the door.)

Judge S.

Ah, some one else has called; I'll go myself.

(He goes and returns with Wharton and a letter.)

Judge S.

And here for you I have, dear General,
A note or letter stamped officially;
In haste the messenger did seem to be,
But at the door awaits he your reply.

(Arnold reads papers—Unconsciously drops a sheet, observed and secured secretly by Wharton.)

Arnold.

This letter brings the news I've waited for;
I must this moment go and send reply.
Your pardon for thus leaving suddenly,
But soon at my head-quarters I must be.
Obey, this is the soldier's life. Adieu!
And may Miss Maggie soon be well again.

(Arnold leaves and does not recognize Wharton.)

Wharton.

I beg your pardon, Judge, 'twas all my fault ;
But I am glad no serious harm is done.
I have returned for papers I forgot.

Judge S.

What papers, may I ask, had you forgot?

Wharton.

Papers in the case of Arnold, sir ;
They go to Congress, and immediately.

Judge S.

You will forthwith procure the papers, sir,
And take your leave. No man can come into
My home and thus insult a man so dear
To me as Arnold is ; a man that's true.

Wharton.

As you desire, I take my leave ; and, sir,
Most willingly ; but you may understand
That for an insult thus I shall obtain
Revenge, and Gen'ral Arnold I will hold
Responsible, and you with your gray hairs
I here forewarn. Secure thou mayest think
Thyself, but eyes there are that see and ears
That hear, and little dost thou dream of what
Is whispered by a hundred lips and loud ;
The very air is heavy with their threats.

Judge S.

Quick quit you, sir, my house, my premises,
Or else your life shall pay the penalty.

Wharton.

I go, but mark you well the prophecy.

(Exit Wharton.)

Judge S. (to himself).

And has it come to this at last, that I
Am thought by all a traitor to my land?
And shall it go *unrighted*—this great wrong?
I am no traitor as they think, no friend
To England's cruel tyranny. But oh,
To shield my darling daughter and my wife;
Oh, what shall now be done? The time has come
When I must take a stand unquestionable.
And yet I love my child and him also
I love, him whom she loves; my wife I love;
But oh! I love my country too, the land
That gave me birth, that gives me liberty.
But I must soon decide, the hour is near,
And by the heavens I do decide: henceforth
To thee, my country, and to Thee, my God,
Forevermore committed thoroughly.
Oh, land of liberty baptized in blood,
The blood of patriots that hallows thee,
I claim thee mine, O dear America,
And I am thine in love's eternal bonds,
And nobler far than wear a crown 'twill be,
And sweeter to my heart, to die for thee.
But O, what secrets shall there be revealed;
I dread the revelation that must come.
My daughter madly loves the man, and he
With equal madness in return does love.
The dark, uncertain morrow I must wait;
Oh, what will it disclose, what will it bring?

Arnold (suddenly entering unobserved).

Yes, wait the morrow ; it will bring to us
The sweet sunshine of happiness and hope
And to my longing heart the blissful dream
Of love fulfilled. Ah, yes, the morrow wait,
When not a cloudlet will a shadow cast.
Then come ; let's talk of brighter days ahead.
The gods their approbation smile, but come.

(Exit arm-in-arm—Curtain drops—End of Act I.)

ACT II—SCENE I.

*(In the Street. ALEX. HAMILTON, Sec'y of War, and
GENERAL GREENE meet.)*

Hamilton (to Gen. Greene).

A messenger from Reed has just arrived,
In haste despatched ; hath brought this letter, sir,
To you directed, and this package here :
He waits the answer at the Capitol.

Gen. Greene (receiving the letter).

This surely means no pleasant news that with
Such haste as you declare the courier
Has come and eager waits a quick reply.

*(Opening it he reads, and with a look of scorn in angered,
suppressed language, speaks.)*

The devil take the wretch and all the crew
Concerned together in the hellish plot !

(Tears up the paper and stamps it under foot.)

Hamilton.

And pray, dear Gen'ral, what has happened now
To stir you up so thoroughly? And have
The British sure enough a landing made
And threaten Philadelphia? Quick work!

Gen. Greene.

Oh, no indeed, the British are not named;
It is a note from Gen'ral Reed about
The same old matter, Arnold's devilment.
And less Reed hates the devil, sir, than he
Does Arnold, whom he wishes was in—well,
Not near the pearly gates of paradise.

Hamilton.

What does he say about the man? Let's see;
But you've destroyed the letters, sir, and why?
Perhaps we'll need that note as evidence!

Gen. Greene.

The evidence? What evidence you mean?

Hamilton.

Why, have you heard it not that Arnold has
Been charged with grossest crimes and has been held
For trial, sir, before the Council of
The State, and he to Congress did appeal?
And also there the Council did prefer
The charges of the State's grand jury found,
In number eight, and very damaging.

Gen. Greene.

And what is now proposed; has Congress said
What disposition shall be made, or how
That Arnold shall be tried?

Hamilton. Why, certainly,
And this was just the news I was about
To break to you, when you had read the note
I brought, delivered by the messenger.

Gen. Greene.
Then let me hear the news, although I'm sick
Of all this stuff; the devil's in it all.

Hamilton.

According to request of Arnold, sir,
Hath Congress named and set apart the Court,
Consisting of the army officers,
To try a fellow-soldier charged with guilt.
And you have been appointed President
Of Military Council now convened.
So let us hence unto the Capitol,
For there the Council sits to try the cause.
The hour is near at hand and we should be
Now on our way, 'twill take a little time
To reach the place; but here's the nearest way:
Down through this street and then toward the hill.

Gen. Greene.

I go at your command ; but let me say
I'd not this business undertake to-day
If right I had of individual choice ;
I'd rather shun responsibility.
And, mark you well, there'll be a tale to tell
For this day's doings ; mark the prophecy !

(*They retreat arm in-arm up the street—End of Scene I*
Act II.)

ACT II—SCENE II.

(*Part of the Court-Martial convened waiting. As curtain rises HAMILTON and GEN. GREENE enter. GEN. GREENE taking the President's chair. ARNOLD and JUDGE SHIPPEN follow in the immediate rear of HAMILTON and GREENE.*)

Gen. Greene.

'Tis known to all the meaning of this Court
By order of the Chief Executive
Convened, and also at the instance of
A brother officer, who here appeals
For righteous judgment to be passed upon
The hearing of the cause both pro and con.
The burden falls upon the advocate
To make out clear the case on the behalf
Of Government and law. He will proceed
Now to relate the charges in the bill,
The proofs alleged, the depositions made,
And then conclude by summing up the facts
According to the law and evidence.

Hamilton.

Your honors please, a motion will I make
To here withdraw the charges all but two,
As, sirs, the other six have reference
To matters grave, but not within the scope
Or jurisdiction of this Court; for they
Relate to conduct private, personal,
To Arnold simply as a citizen
And not an officer; for surely his
Official record only you will pass
Upon.

President Greene.

Of course the ruling thus will be.

Hamilton.

And now, your honors please, I will relate
The charges here recorded in the bill,
Except the ones ruled out, and these are two.

(Hamilton reads the two charges with comments.)

The first in order does plainly hint
Of treason foul and dark and damning plots,
Of treachery; and, mark ye now the words:
“Upon a certain day—and just before
The army came were many royalists
Here housed, and even British officers
In dress of citizens were ’mong the crew—
Did Arnold give unto the owner of
A private boat a passport through the lines,
And thus he helped the tories to escape
The guard of cavalry that had been sent
To seize all British sympathizers and
Their property.” This is the charge alleged
As number one; and now the second is
Somewhat akin, in spirit, to the first:

“And Arnold sent all public carriages,
The wagons of the government and state
And placed them also in possession of
The refugees, the tories, in their flight
From justice and unto the enemy.”

And may your honors please, and councillors,
The charges here set forth do certainly
Appear most grievous and most damaging,
And were it not for answer here annexed

By the defendant in his plea unto
Each sep'rate count in the indictment named
This Court could nothing do but now to find
Defendant guilty of the crimes, and would
To Congress recommend immediately
That he should cashiered be and in disgrace
Be driven from the army or compelled
By punishment to pay the penalty,
A punishment deserving and severe.
But, sirs, it seems that something must be done
To vindicate the government and let
The chief authorities of state now know
That their prerogative we don't ignore.
Then, sirs, a judgment at your hands we ask
In keeping with the law; a verdict, sirs,
According to the facts, and there will be,
Pronounced by all, a loud amen indeed.

President Greene.

And now 'tis proper time defendant make
Reply to charges brought so damaging
To one who bears a name and character
So fair, and who hath won the warm esteem
Not only of our Washington, but all
The officers and privates of the army.
In vindication of that name 'tis now
Allowed defendant to reply at length.

Wharton (entering in haste and speaking vehemently).

Your honors please, your pardon I entreat;
But here I am with information, sirs,
Too valuable to overlook, and while
I was detained contrary to my will

And all but was too late, I yet rejoice
That now, before decision you have reached,
I have arrived and with some startling facts
Which are substantiated, sirs, beyond
All doubt, and they your eyes will ope to see
Things dark and damnable in one who here
Appears a very saint in outer life.
But take a look behind the scenes, and then
Your verdict! let it be proclaimed aloud,
And, mark, there'll be a thousand loud amens.

Pres. G. (sternly).

Pray, sir, you'll occupy the witness stand
And then in answer to the questions put
You'll answer make. Please occupy the place.

Wharton, (taking the stand hesitatingly).

Your honor please, I'll surely testify
And on my strongest oath; but, sir, indeed
Not as a witness in the case I came,
But as the country's advocate, and with
The oaths of witnesses who testified
Before the council of the city, sirs.

Judge Shippen.

Your honor please, at the defendant's own.
Request, I ask that on the record of
The Court you'll enter me attorney for
Defendant in the cause, and would request
That name of witness also be enrolled
And all his testimony be writ down;
Hereafter it may chance fall out that we
A use may have for these proceedings here.

Pres. G.

As you request, let it be done, and now
Defendant's representative may have
The witness here his answer make to all
And any questions now legitimate.

Judge S.

The witness now unto the Court will please
Relate the feelings personal he has
Toward defendant and a reason give
Or explanation why he is so bent,
Determined, in this prosecution of
A man he has no reason to believe
Is guilty of the charges here preferred.

Wharton.

My feelings for defendant, I confess,
Are not the pleasantest.

Judge S.

And please state why.

Wharton.

It might be rather delicate for me
To fully answer make.

Pres. G.

Let's have it all.

Wharton.

Well, first I might reply, that Arnold's life
In general provokes supreme disgust.

Judge S.

But witness knows too well that this is not
The secret cause; he knows he falsifies.

Wharton.

And if the Judge will force me here to say
I'll speak of things he'd wish he'd kept aside.

Pres. G.

Let's have the truth; no mincing matters here.

Wharton.

Then, sirs, it was but lately at the home
Of present questioner when there were heard
Between himself, in presence of his family,
And Gen'ral Arnold, words not lawful to
Be spoken publicly or privately.

Judge S.

And when the time of which you speak, and what
Was said so dark and terrible? In full,
Relate the conversation, sir, and who
It was that heard the talk.

Wharton.

More time than one
We might now name, but one especially
Condemns the man.

Judge S.

Out with this special time.

Wharton.

It was the night, if I remember straight,
That followed day of Arnold's trial, sir,
Before the Court of Philadelphia.

Judge S.

Who told you this? No hearsay evidence
Will be allowed; you're lawyer 'nough for that.

Wharton.

And mark you, sir, I clearly understand
The ethics of the Court, and I am not
Detailing hearsay evidence, but I
Myself, with my own ears, did hear enough
And with my eyes did see enough indeed.

Judge S.

Your honor please, I move you to allow
The witness now to be impeached, for he
Hath clearly made it out beyond a doubt
That he's a base eaves-dropper of my house.
For on that night it was that Arnold came
Unto my home, a caller on my daughter,
And there, in jest, he may have said that which,
In earnest, would be reprehensible.
But, sirs, allow that things were said by him
In private and to one—I'll say it not—
How does it seem for this intruder, sir,
To spy thief-like around my premises
To gather fam'ly news and scatter it
Before the world?

Wharton.

I would reply to this—

Pres. G. (to the witness).

Be still; let not another word from thee
Proceed connected with this business;
Thou hast, indeed, betrayed thy character.

Wharton (starting to leave in disgust).

But here a paper is that I did find
Upon the very night of which I spoke

That will a story tell, a plot reveal,
More damnable than you have even dreamed.

Pres. G.

The Sergeant of the Guard will here arrest
The witness now and him will keep confined
In custody till he is ordered free.
If ready to proceed the Court will now
Be pleased to have defendant make his plea.

Arnold. (Speaks by order of the President.)

Your honor please, and brother officers,
It gives me joy and inexpressible
To here appear and plead my cause. I know
The temper of a soldier's mind—the true
And pure emotion of the soldier's heart—
And hence, most happy, sirs, am I to-day.
To you, and now, I'll answer make to all
The charges false and damnable as hell.
I thank you, noble President, for those
Kind words a moment back you spoke; they give
Me room to say the things I wish to say
And not be deemed an egotist or one
Endeav'ring to appear what he's not,
Vain-glorious, yea puffed up with vanity.
Ye judges know full well the history
Of all my acts, and how I've never shunned
Nor shirked the post of duty, neither, sirs,
Of danger when my country's honor was
At stake; nor have I ever failed to be
Where all true soldiers ought to be—I mean
Among the first and foremost of the van—
Right in the face of death, the cannon's mouth—

But, sirs, I keep you not detained with this
Recital of my soldier-deeds. There are
Ten thousand unknown names, the privates, sirs,
The common soldiery, who gave their lives,
Their all, and counted it no sacrifice,
And they deserve the foremost meed of praise;
But who would dare believe that one of these
Could ever dream of treachery? Oh no,
Let them who never felt the magic thrill
Of liberty nor shed a drop of blood—
Let them be watched and with a sleepless eye
Who dareth to suspect him or doth accuse
Who with his blood hath purchased liberty.
Most noble sirs, I must, I do confess
That there are spots that may be quickly seen
Without a practic'd microscopic eye.
I am no saint, and not a Pharisee;
With more than slight or few regrets I look
Upon my life and wish it otherwise;
But who the test would stand and unabashed
If scrutinizing eyes were fixed upon
The human soul disrobed and nakedly
Exposed in all its true deformity?
Let him that spotless claims or proves himself
Be first to hurl the stone; but oh, let him
Beware who hath one speck upon his clothes!
But, may your honors please, I will detain
The Court no longer with my feeble plea.
I here submit my cause; 'tis pleaded ill,
I do allow, so far as what I've said;
But, sirs, I beg that you'll admit, and as
My plea, the character I've borne for years

Among my fellow-soldiers, those indeed
Who know me intimately. For those who are
My chiefest enemies I have a smile,
And you, perhaps, will say it is contempt.
But now to you belongs the task, I trust
Not difficult, to pass upon my case.
But here has come the State's Attorney, sirs,

(Refers to Wharton contemptuously.)

As if some heavy matter weighed upon
His mind. Perhaps he had a part to play
In this mock tragedy you would applaud
Had you but let him speak, and truly, sirs,
He plays artistically ; as one who has
Rehearsed his piece at morning, noon, and night
For some occasion great and honorable.
I now have done ; your verdict I'll abide.

One of the Council.

I move you, Mr. President, that now
Our verdict we announce and that it be
In vindication of the character
Of Arnold, and report, immediately
To Chief Executive be sent and ask
That Congress the decision do endorse.

Pres.

If now this verdict meets assent from all
It shall be thus, and unto Congress sent
As our report, and their approval asked.

Arnold.

Your honor please, and noble councillors,
Allow me here to speak my gratitude

And thank you, sirs, for this your verdict spoke
Not only for my sake, but there is one—
I would not name the name—but there is one
Whose heart with deep expectancy does beat,
Whose ears are itching for the latest news;
And when 'tis known in Philadelphia
That all the schemes iniquitous proposed
Against me, sirs, have come to naught, there'll be
One heart at least made glad, one tongue indeed
To ask a benediction on your heads.
And, sirs, besides, when next you get the news
You'll understand I'm basking in the smiles
Of one whose hand and heart, whose all I claim;
And now I go to quick fulfill my vows,
The day's appointed and I eager wait.
To you, again, I speak my gratitude;
And here, with all my friends, we say farewell!
And double honors crown your noble lives.

(Rejoicing and cheers.)

And unto all the Court and all my friends
I here appeal to follow me, and let
Us hence repair to pleas'nter scenes than this
Where 'round the festive board, with words
Unchained and honest will we speak, and wit
Shall sparkle as the bead upon the wine.
'Tis there we'll quick forget the painful past
And even love our enemies. Then let
All come and share my hospitality
And snatch with me some hints of joys to come,
The prelude to the heart's sweet symphony
Whose pulsing beats keep measured time in hope,
And ere a moon shall wane will realize

The bliss of love, s enticing ecstasy.
Come share a fellow-soldier's joy and teach
The villains now the hero's art of life
Around the festive board or in the camp.

(Exit Arnold arm-in-arm with officers, followed by the Court and all—End of Scene II of Act II.)

ACT III.—SCENE III.

(In the garden. Moonlight. CAPT. WHARTON and JUDGE REED in conversation.)

Capt. W.

The game is lost; the fates are all against
Our scheme; that Arnold is the very devil!

Reed.

What now has happened? Tell me quick the news
I've waited here these three long hours to hear.

Capt. W.

Why, sir, the Council did indeed decide
That Arnold should go free, and that's not all.
The sure impression on all minds and hearts
Is that the villain is a perfect saint
And we are basely persecuting him.
I do believe had you and I been there
An hour after verdict had been given
Our necks would now be stretched upon a limb;
You never saw excitement more intense
In favor of a man, and bitter more
Against his enemies.

Reed. Did not old Greene
My letter get and Hamilton receive
The charges sent?

Capt. W. They did, assuredly,
And Hamilton himself the motion made
To drop all charges brought except the two
Least strongly proved.

Reed. And why didst thou not plead
The case at length as State's solicitor?

Capt. W. Why, sir, 'twas Greene himself, the President,
That ruled me out of order in that line.

Reed. Did Congress pass upon and then endorse
The verdict of the Court?

Capt. W. Not done as yet.

Reed. Then there is left us still a chance to make
Our point, and when the people do find out
The inwardness of Arnold's treach'rous heart
They'll thank us then, in thunder tones, and cry
For him as high as Haman to be swung.

Capt. W. Ah, if we can succeed in making them
Believe e'en what they say and know is true!
'Tis strange some people will discredit all
Their senses ere they will believe the man
Is not an angel. He has magic power
He exercises o'er the mind—makes it

Subservient to his own. But what is this
I hear to-night upon the streets about
This Arnold's marriage; and, really to
Miss Maggie Shippen, daughter of the Judge?

Reed.

'Tis true, assuredly, and have you not
An invitation from the Judge? I saw
The cards to-day—to-morrow night's the time.

Capt. W.

And did you not, dear Reed, to Arnold send
The challenge I proposed?

Reed.

I thought it best
To wait; the time is not yet ripe.

Capt. W.

And let
The wretch go on and take as his, his wife,
The woman of my soul? Ah, never; no
He ne'er shall press to his black heart the form
Of that dear one. This very night I'll seek
Him out, and ere the morrow's sun shall rise
He faces me upon the field. If not,
A coward base and mean, contemptible,
I will proclaim him publicly to be.
Go send the messenger, and be in haste,
To Arnold's room; this night he sleeps within
The city at his own headquarters there.
To-morrow night, I trust it may be—hell!

Reed.

Desist, my Captain dear, 'twill spoil the plot
And we'll be held his murderers sure as truth,
And you must wait till proper time does come.

Capt. W.

And let the villian proud befoul the maid,
Debase her very soul and body, sir—
He who is not in principle above
The meanest, blackest murderer unhung?
Ah, here's the plot; I see I have it sure.
To-morrow night, at Justice Shippen's home,
The maiden's father's, there's to be a feast
In honor of the great event, and then
It is my time. In ambush there concealed
I'll mark my aim and draw the bead down fine
And rob the maiden fair of his embrace,
Except in death's cold arms, which she will loathe!
This is the thought and this will be the scheme,
So farewell till you shall hear report.
At ten, to-morrow night, be thou prepared
To give me shelter in your home. The deed,
It will, ah yes it must, it shall be done.

Reed.

Stay, Captain, here a moment more; and are
You then determined thus to execute
The horrid deed? Remember, Captain dear,
'Tis terrible a fellow-creature's life
To take, and may you now abjure the deed.

Capt. W.

I am determined, sir, he shall not have
The blessed dreams fulfilled he entertains
Of folding that dear form in his embrace.
Pray stop me not; determined, sir, I am
Some plot to lay; and, sir, it shall succeed.
Farewell, dear Reed, until the moon appear

To-morrow night, and in this garden here
I'll tell thee all.

(Exit Captain.)

Reed. And he indeed is gone.
Poor fellow ! how he madly loves the maid
And how he madly hates the villain Arnold.
But will he surely execute the threat ?
'Tis terrible, 'tis horrible, and yet
He has no fickle mind, no coward heart.
He is determined I am almost sure ;
The morrow night will tell the tale—but what !
And if I am discovered, thought to be
Connected with this business terrible,
I also will be gibbeted, and I
Am not quite ready thus to leave the stage ;
I still have hope of other parts to play.
But I must go and seek for him and stop
The man, or else he'll bring us into grief.
Suppose I cannot find him now, and more,
Suppose he will not be dissuaded from
The work ; but oh, I must, I shall him find
Or else 'twill ruin bring to all our plans.
Ye powers supreme, make known your strength and
thwart
A plan so damnable. This very night
I'll find and on my knees will beg him to
Desist. The madman, will he grant my prayer ?

(Curtain drops and Act II ends.)

ACT III—SCENE I.

(*On the evening of the marriage of Arnold to Miss SHIPPEN. Curtain rises on a moonlit garden scene in rear of the residence of Judge S. The Jester or Fool meets a straggler from the army in the garden.*)

Fool.

Hold! Who comes there, and at this time of night
Found prowling 'round the place? no business here
You have; I'll call police to put you out.

Stranger.

A moment hold and I'll explain. I've lost
My way and now am hunting for the camp;
I have my pass by Gen'ral Arnold signed,
But in the city I remained too late
And hence have lost my way, and now I wish
That you would point me out the road that leads
Toward the river, where is my command.

Fool.

And sure a soldier then you are—a "Reb,"
Or do you to the red coats, sir, belong?

Soldier.

And did I not thee tell I had a pass
From Gen'ral Arnold; then no Briton, sir,
Am I, but as you say, a "Reb." Will you
Now please to show me on my way?

Fool or Clown.

But would

You ask a fool to show a fool his way?

Soldier.

A fool! and this your part to play, a fool's?
A fool you are of course for other fools!
'Tis something new in our America;
I thought the custom was confined alone
To England and among nobility.
This sounds not well for true Democracy!

Fool.

Why, yes; and did you not the custom know
That even here with folks of quality
A fool's employed too? A jester he
Is called. He keeps the spirits up and breaks
The dull monotony; this is the name
They call it by. Existence would become
Unbearable, the gayest, brightest life be sad
If 'twere not for the fool who is allowed
All privileges that he may choose, just so
He is a number one, first-class fool.
It takes a fool that is a fool to be
A fool who is not fooled by other fools.

Stranger.

And this is here the style? Then certainly
Your people must be royalists—I mean
They are as we do call them, tories, sir;
Not rebels fighting for their liberty!

Fool.

A fool indeed you seem to be to ask a fool
Such questions, sir; but if I knew your name
Perhaps a fool might then enlighten thee.

Stranger.

But what is going on to-night, and why
Such stir and noise within the house; there must
Be quite a multitude? In merriment
They seem engaged, and is not there your place?

Fool.

Why, sir, and art thou ignorant of what
Is certainly the one, the chief event
Of Philadelphia society?
To-night there is a feast excelling all
That's ever been in all America
In honor of the glorious wedding night
Of Gen'ral Arnold to Miss Shippen, sir,
My sweet young mistress, who does reign a belle,
And sought she is by all the officers
Of highest rank and fame throughout the army.

Stranger.

And have the vows of marriage been performed,
The ceremony by the priest been said?

Fool.

Not yet I would allow; for hardly could
They do the business well without the fool.
If ever proper for a fool to have
A say-so anywhere, it surely is
When two young fools, or old, do match themselves
In wedlock's holy bonds for good, for bad.
But then I see the priest approach, and now
The fun will soon begin; the music starts;
I hear the wedding march; I must be gone.
Two other fools and me, and this makes three.

(Exit in haste. End of Scene I, Act III.)

ACT III—SCENE II.

(The couple march in before the priest, daughter on father's arm and ARNOLD on mother's arm, standing. The company seated around. The Fool near foot-lights.)

Judge S.

Most reverend father, thou who art indeed
Ordained of Heaven thus to join in love
Two hearts as one, fore'er inseparable,
To you I bring my only daughter dear
To give in marriage to this man whose heart
And hand she now accepts; her husband-guide
Henceforth he is along the path of life,
And may it be of pleasantness and peace.

Priest.

The holy ordinance we now proceed
To celebrate is Heaven-ordained and does
Receive the solemn sanction from above.
No longer are your paths, my friends, to lie
In different directions; through this life,
Thus joined in hand, and as we trust in heart,
You are the one way hence to walk, and we
Do pray a happy and prosperous way
'Twill be. And so it will if love sincere
And holy virtue shall be always yours
To have and practice in your daily life.
Now do you each the other take in love
According to the law of sacred writ
That governs you united evermore,
Inseparable, as husband and wife?

Arnold and Miss S.

We do.

Priest.

In Heaven's name I do pronounce
You man and wife ; what Heaven now hath joined
Let never man asunder try to break.

(Arnold is congratulated and kisses his bride.)

Fool.

O, that magical kiss,
What heavenly bliss
On occasions like this
If you fail not to miss
Your chance of a kiss.
And there's a fellow that now I could name
Who'd give sure his neck to do just so, to claim
The privilege of this—
I mean to snatch a kiss ;
But he has made a miss-take, sir ;
Ah, ain't that wit, a choice bit ?
Why, I'm a poet ; don't you know it ?

Arnold.

If then a poet you've become, you are
Othello-like—your occupation's gone.

Fool.

But, sir, according to the schools
Who wisely make and write the rules
All poets, sir, of course are fools.
But don't mistake ; it follows not
(And you, dear sir, may judge the lot)
That fools are poets ; if 'twere true,
What poets were all fools like you !

Mrs. Arnold.

Sir Stultus, you are personal and must
Be less familiar in your thrusts of wit.

Fool.

And so you think, dear Miss, I've made a hit,
As you have certainly pronounced it wit.

(*To Arnold.*)

You've made a miss to-night and I a hit.

Arnold.

You are successful in your choosing, sir.

Fool (points to the bride).

I'm sorry I can't say the same for her :
She's *missed* no more, as you will never be,
And you'll allow this freak of liberty.

(*Music is heard in the rear room.*)

Judge S.

Now to the hall of banqueting repair ;
Let all proceed ; there's music sweet to cheer
The saddest hearts, if sad hearts there can be
At such a time, at such a place so free.
Then let us all forget the cares of life
For one brief while in honor of the wife.

(*They repair in couples to the room of feasting. The Fool, Sir Stultus, brings up the rear and speaks his nonsense.*)

Fool.

All poets and lovers, doth every one say,
Are fools and can't help it ; but I get my pay

For acting the fool, and this is my trade ;
But some are born fools, like poets, not made.
But some how or other my head's in a bother,
And I have just thought what the matter can be ;
'Tis the sure afterclap of yesterday's spree.
So to-morrow look out and mark what I've said,
There'll be pains in the stomach and pains in the head,
And then all the fools will wish they were dead.

Judge S.

Sir Stultus, why thus do you here delay,
Why wait you in the hall ; then quick away.

Fool.

I go ; but mark you, sir, I want the pay ;
Three quarts or more, no less, and every day.

(Exit Fool. End of Scene II Act III.)

ACT III—SCENE III.

(The enjoyment begins. The Banquet Hall.)

Arnold.

Let's have the jester of the house brought forth ;
He sings, he jests, talks poetry.

Mrs. Arnold.

And more ;

He claims to be a seer, and does declare
To him the secrets of the future are
Revealed. He's known in the capacity
Of fortune-teller unto more perhaps
Than he'll allow ; for there is where he gets
The loads of money he is wont to spend,
And not legitimate.

Fool.

I'm free to spend

My own just as I please; ain't this the land
Of liberty? Why, this is what we fight
And die for—liberty. All patriots know
This is what we want, this liberty
To do just as we please and when we please.
Ha! ha! but I don't see them fellers here,
Engaged in this affair of liberty?
How's this; no rebels here, but tories all?
Now, s'pose 'twas known, and won't they find it out,
That all the "Rebs" were left and none except
You tories were invited here to-night?
I heard to-day some blue-coat officers
In conversation 'bout the cards sent out,
And one of them remarked: You'll see that none
But them —— tories will be there. The way
They "cussed" you red-coat sympathizers would
Have put to shame the man who started first
The "cussing" business now so flourishing.

Arnold.

But give us now a song. You make the songs
You sing, don't you? Aren't they original?

Fool.

O yes, they are original indeed;
For who would sing the songs in books you see,
Mere doggerel, not writ for fools like me.

Arnold.

And now you'll sing if Mrs. Arnold here
Will play accompaniment—and will you play?

(*The last words addressed to Mrs. Arnold.*)

Fool.

And now I'll sing the special song I made
In honor of this present great event,
But can't proceed until my parched throat
And lips, as dry as summer's dust, are moist.
Take champagne, please; it makes the voice go smooth
And tunes the tongue, electrifies the brain,
And makes us all forget so quick our pain.

(Drinks largely and sings)

A maiden in love sat weeping alone,
To none would she tell her secret of grief;
She denied she was sad when pressed to make known
The truth of her mind, and never would own;
But she felt it the same, and wanted relief.

(Chorus.)—Falda-ra-ridly, falda-ra day.

Let all make ready for the great wedding day.
But who can then know what there'll be to pay
On the splendid occasion—the great wedding day?

(Second verse.)

We need not now stop to ask who's to blame,
But soldier of rank, of highest degree,
The maiden did love and wooing he came,
And the way he did woo her 'twas something to see.
Ah, thus it appeared not to all, but to me.

(Chorus.)—Falda-ra-ridly, falda-ra-day.

Let all make ready for the great wedding day,
But who can then tell what there'll be to pay
On the glorious occasion—the great wedding day?

(Third verse.)

The day it was set, and the hour was near,
The feast it was spread, the music was gay,

When suddenly there fell on the people a fear ;
A wild shriek was heard. Oh, what is to pay ?
Was the question all asked on the great wedding day.

(*Chorus.*)—Falda ra-ridly, falda-ra-day.

Now, people, farewell ; my song I will close,
But I feel very strange—not merry and gay
Like a fool ought to feel, as a fool only knows—
But, somehow or other, the reason can't say.

(*At this moment two pistol shots are heard on the outside, Mrs. Arnold at the piano faints, all excitement, cries, rushing to and fro in haste and all are excited.*)

Judge S.

Blow out the lights and let the room be dark
So they can't see or else they'll kill us all.

Mrs. Shippen.

But oh, my daughter ! wait ; I really
Believe she's killed. Oh, daughter ! Maggie !
Do speak. Here's blood ! Oh, what on earth can this
All mean ! Kind Heaven, shield us all I pray.

Judge S.

The General's also shot ; bring forth a light
Again ; the murd'rous villains now are gone.

(*End of Scene III, Act III.*)

ACT III—SCENE IV.

(*Moonlight in the Garden. WHARTON and REED meet.
WHARTON is greatly excited.*)

Reed.

Well, Captain, I have been impatiently
Awaiting your return, and nervously
I must confess I feel.

Capt. W.

And well you may
Be nervous, sir; the plot has failed again,
The scene miscarried wofully. The wretch
Whom I had hired to execute the plan
Is captured, now in jail. He fired two shots;
Mis-aimed they were, and then he fled the place
So terrified he knew not where to fly,
And, sir, they caught the villain sure as death.

Reed.

And now he'll blow on you and then you'll see
The folly of the plan. I begged you, sir,
To give the matter up; you know I told
You of the danger you would sure incur.

Capt. W.

What shall be done? 'Twill never do for me
To fly the city; this would certainly
Condemn me in the sight of all. I do
Believe the wretch is with the devil leagued
Or has a life that's charmed. But here, what's that?
(*The Prisoner escaped approaches stealthily.*)

Capt. W.

Who comes, quick speak the word, a friend or foe?

Prisoner.

A friend ; I just now overcame the guard
And made escape, and come to tell you all.

Reed.

Now, by old Jones, what luck ? Now tell us quick ;
Pray tell us how you left affairs, and how
You unsuccessful were, and how also
You made escape ?

Prisoner.

Why, sir, by accident

It was they captured me ; just happened, sir,
That just as I had fired the shots there passed
An officer, the Chief of Police,
And on suspicion he arrested me.
I warmly pleaded innocence, and would
Have surely gotten off, for I did have,
You recollect, and from the General
Himself, the passport which he recognized,
But there was there a fool—you understand,
A jester he is called—and he against
Me testified ; for I with him had met
A little while before and he did tell
Them all about the conference we had ;
In such a manner he described the scene
That they could nothing do but think that I
Was guilty of the crime. It was indeed
The testimony of the fool that made
Them keep me fast. The fellow plays the fool,
Is called a fool, but not a fool is he ;
To him I owe my capture there to-night.

Reed.

But pray explain how your escape you made.

Prisoner.

They took me to the jail and placed a guard
To watch, and while his back was turned to me
I struck him such a blow upon the head
He fell insensible, and then I fled for life.

Capt. W.

But did you murder him?

Prisoner.

I did not stay

To see, but I suppose he's up by now.

Reed.

And did they recognize or e'en suspect you, sir?

Prisoner.

Ah no; but they tried to do it,

And Arnold quizz'd me close; so did the Judge.

Wharton.

Fresh courage; up and thank our lucky star.

You need not long recite the tale, we know

It all, and will not now stop to condemn.

But did you whisper aught whereby they'd get
Us in a trap?

Prisoner.

I did not, sir, one word;

Nor would I, sir, if they had stretched my neck.

Wharton.

Bravo! Hurrah for thee. I'll make it right;

You shall not lose, sir, your reward, although

You failed to carry out the scheme.

Prisoner.

But, sir,

Right there in Shippen's house before them all

They kept me questions answering, and, sir,

They searched and took from me all that I had,

And there among my papers I did have
The note you wrote where you the promise made
To fee me for the deed, and liberally—
I mean reward.

Capt. W. The devil! You don't say
They've got that note I wrote to you! Oh, fates!
The die is cast; I'm gone; I am disgraced;
They'll break *our* necks as sure as there's a hell.

Reed.

Don't say the word; it makes me shudder, sir.

Capt. W.

But, Reed, by jove I tell you that we're gone;
Quick tell me what is best to do; I swear
I am undone, my brain does reel, my wits
Are gone, I'm panic-struck; pray tell me what
We now can do? The hounds upon our track
Will soon be yelping, and then we are gone!

Reed.

I have a cellar, sir, beneath my house,
A very dungeon though and dark as night,
You and your man had better there retreat,
And, thus secure, await developments;
And there I can with you communicate
And let you know how things do shape themselves.
Meanwhile a letter you must leave with me
That shall explain your absence from the town.

Capt. W.

And are you sure that there we will be safe?
Does no one know concerning this retreat?

(*Suddenly voices are heard. Police are on the scout.*)

Reed.

Now, by the fates they come ; yes, listen closer,
And don't you hear their very whisperings ?
Upon my soul they're coming to this spot !
Drop down behind the bridge and there lie low ;
I'll go and meet them in the way and will
Endeavor to delude them in the search.

(Goes and meets them, armed guards, and salutes.)

Heigh, sirs, and what do you this time of night
Trespassing here upon my private grounds ?

Capt. of Guard.

We are in search, sir, for a criminal,
And he was seen to pass this way, to come
Into the yard below, and to this spot
Directed he his steps, and stealthily.

Reed.

But, sir, I've spent the evening here alone ;
For hours here I've been, and sure I would
Have seen or heard had any one presumed
To here intrude. You must mistaken be.

Another pursuer.

No, sir, we are mistaken not ; I saw
The man here come, and more, I thought I saw
Him come near you. Besides, I also saw
Another man, sir, in your company.

Reed.

You seem to intimate that possibly
Accomplice I might be and here would hide
The villain in my yard ; you certainly

Are not aware to whom you speak. Be gone!
And quickly, sir, or else I'll have you make
An answer for this gross insult you give.

The Guard.

It matters not if you are President
Of Council, sir; you have no right to make
Us leave off searching for the prisoner, sir,
Who did, I know, into this garden come.

Capt. of Guard.

We go, but with authority return
To search your premises, and woe unto
The harbinger of villains, murderers!

(They leave. After a while Reed goes to the hedge and whispers. They gently get up, go into the house and cellar. They have hardly gotten secreted before there comes in haste a company of guards. Enter the guard and police, banging at the door demanding entrance.)

Reed.

Who's there thus battering down my door, and can't
You wait until I know your mission here?

Voices.

We here demand admittance to your house;
We've come to search your place. Just now were seen
Two men, beside yourself, to enter here
And we have come to see who they may be.

Reed, (on the inside).

Who dares to say he saw two men come here
With me into the house?

Voice, (on the outside). Ah, sir, you did
 Not know you were watched ; you thought indeed
 That all the guard had gone ; but, sir, we saw
 You go into the hedge, we saw the men
 Accomp'ny you into the house, and now
 You must admit or else we'll force our way.

Reed.

Break down the door and he that first appears
 Within shall pay the forfeit with his life.
 I open not my house to such demands,
 And with my life I will defend my house.

(Outside voices shouting, begin to break the door, shooting begins, terrible confusion, curtain drops and end Act III.)

ACT IV—SCENE I.

(At the Jail. JUDGE S. and Officers. Jail Keeper. The unknown prisoner chained. CAPT. W. in a chair.

Judge S., (to Jailer).

And will you grant to me the privilege
 Of speaking to the prisoner ?

Jailer.

The privilege
 You have of speaking to the prisoner.

Judge S., (speaking to Wharton).

I certainly am surprised and deeply do
 Regret, dear Captain, thus to know the facts.

Capt. W.

I do appreciate your kindness, Judge,
And if you, sir, will help me in this case,
And pledge your friendship and sympathy, I can
And will be vindicated perfectly.

Judge S.

Most willingly I pledge my sympathy,
And all that I can do I will perform.
What is it specially you'd ask of me?

Capt. W.

This way a step; a secret, sir, I have
And you and he alone must ever know
What now I shall reveal. Ah, sir, it would,
If known, create commotion terrible;
The very dead 'twould startle in their graves.
I have a paper here, and how I came
By it you need not now inquire. Enough,
I have the paper here that indicates
Beyond all doubt, sir, Arnold's treachery,
His plot or trade with Clinton to betray
His country, yea, to put the enemy
In sure possession of the field. Indeed
The plan specific here is named, and more,
The time appointed and the place is set
For meeting with a spy and then and there
Arrange the matters perfectly. Now, sir,
The point is clear; let Arnold understand
I have the documents, and then if he
Will so arrange that all this business shall
Be ended honorably for me, then, sir,
We'll play at even, and I too will swear

To never breathe the plot that would insure
His deep disgrace, nay more, his death ;
And I should guess he values life o'er much.

Judge S.

Oh, how am I to be connected with
The plot? It is a most infernal scheme
And will I not a traitor be unto
My country, honor, conscience, and my God?

Capt. W.

He is the husband of your daughter, sir,
(*Aside.*)
The devil take the wretch, and certainly
You can be most ignorant of all
Details; you need not know the plan proposed.

Judge S. (to himself, but aloud).

But oh, to try to ease my conscience thus;
To be a traitor, villain, all that's low
And mean, disgraceful, and contemptible!
Oh, had my daughter ne'er been born or died
In childish innocence! But still I love
My daughter, and she is all on earth to me!
What shall I do, oh what! O guiding star
Of destiny beam down upon my way,
Enlighten, cheer the dark-benighted path!

Capt. W.

Remember, sir, 'twould but a moment take,
The twinkling of an eye, to start the fire;
One whisper breathed, and, like the fatal spark
Let fall into the magazine, there'd be
An earth-quake terrible; foundations strong

Would be upturned ; the very pillars of
The government would scarce withstand the shock.
But go and tell him all—he'll understand.

Judge S.

I go ; but feel like one who's walking in
His sleep. Oh, would to Heav'n it was a dream !

(The Judge goes to Arnold's. Reed enters, meeting the Judge. Reed has his arm in a sling and a plaster on his face.)

Reed (to the Judge).

And you have heard about the business, Judge,
And how the villains stormed my house by force
And battered down my doors and sacked my house.

Judge S.

But what is this I see ? It seems that you
Have also met with injury, and are
You wounded seriously ?

Reed.

Why, sir, I thought
The devils sure would take my life ; they thought
Perhaps they'd laid me out for good, and that
To-day they'd go unto my funeral ;
But now I am almost myself again,
A few small bruises and a broken arm.
But here I came the Captain now to see.

(Goes to the Captain, who salutes him.)

Capt. W.

Am glad to see you, Reed, and gladder still
To find you on this side the stream ; I thought
When last I saw you lying on the floor

We'd parted company before the time.
I thank the fates that I escaped last night;
They came near getting me just at the door.

Reed.

And what does Shippen have to say to-day?
Does he believe the false reports about
Your being mixed up with that strange affair?

Capt. W.

I don't suppose he does, and now he's gone
To visit Arnold and obtain his help.

Reed.

To visit Arnold! to obtain his help?
You must be mad! Old Arnold would rejoice
To hear that you were chunking fire in hell;
He'd give his fortune all if you were dead.

Capt. W.

But not his neck; and I have sent a bit
Of news to him that will, without a doubt
I'm sure, make him to open wide his eyes.
And mark how swift a messenger will come
With propositions that shall satisfy
All parties to the play. I warrant you
That now there comes the bearer of the news.

(Judge S. enters.)

I told you so; it is the judge himself;
And, mark you, sir, he has the document
That will explain, and fully so, the point.

Judge S.

Here, sir, I bring the answer Arnold sends;

To him in person he desires you come,
So that the plan proposed can be arranged.

Capt. W.

But what about this prisoner here I pray?

Judge S.

All that can be arranged, and even now
I come prepared, and have the documents
To set him free; you know the statute of
Our State provision makes to this effect:
In matters criminal, murder of course
Excepted from the list, the party injured,
Who is the plaintiff proper, can dismiss
The suit; and we a *nolle prosequi*
Have ordered, so that both of you are free.

Capt. W.

This beats the writ of *habeas corpus*, sir;
A perfect vindication now indeed.
To Arnold now let us proceed and have
The declaration of our innocence
Proclaimed aloud; in thunder-tones aloud
Let it be voiced forth, and all the world
Shall hear and know the truth that we are free
And of the charges made are innocent!

(*The shout of bravo! End of Scene I, Act IV.*)

ACT IV—SCENE II.

(*West Point. ARNOLD alone late in the afternoon. Some one knocks at the door.*)

Arnold (to servant).

Some one admittance seeks; show him in here.

(*To himself.*)

It can't be, certainly, that they've returned
Already, and before the night has come!

(*General LaFayette enters.*)

Why, General, my dear, and is it you?
Pray come and spend a time. I do rejoice
That here an opportunity we'll have
To privately confer on matters of
Importance to the State, and would that I
Had known before of your arrival here;
We would have been more thoroughly prepared
To entertain more worthily our host.

Gen. LaFayette.

Pray now you will make me no apology;
Indeed apology should come from me
Who thus intrude so unexpectedly;
But just a little time I shall remain,
As matters urgent wait my presence soon
In Philadelphia, and here I came
To give to you direction how to guard
West Point, the most important garrison
We have; the fort must be securely held,
For if the enemy but understood
How weak we really are they'd capture it.

To you I'm sent from Gen'ral Washington,
Who seems to have all confidence in you.

Arnold.

I am persuaded, General, that we
Shall surely hold the fort. I have received
The plan of operation and the map
You sent. It gives in full all points we need.

Gen. LaFayette.

And more, I have a plan for future schemes,
The disposition to be made of all
The forces of the campaign of this fall;
And now you'll understand most perfectly
The plan proposed, so let us drop the theme
Of war a moment, if no more, and talk
Of matters more congenial to the man
Who has so recently been made, of course,
The happiest man in all the world; but where
Is Mrs. Arnold now? I'd like to see
How she appears in her new sphere, and what
The kind of soldier's wife she makes, and if
She can and does inspire a soldier's heart,
Or rather makes him sigh to quit the field
And seek the blissful happiness of home.

Arnold.

I'm sorry, General, indeed I am,
That you have come when she is not at home;
She loves the open air, and nothing more
Than horse-back riding in the early morn
And afternoon, and now she's on the road.
A cousin from the city is with her,
Who also much enjoys our country scenes.

Gen. LaFayette.

Ah, then, it must have been most certainly
That I saw them as I was coming here;
I passed a couple riding up the way
And guess 'twas they. I could not see her face.

(Looking at his watch.)

But I must go; the night will overtake
Me now if I should fail to make great haste.
So farewell, sir, and may you never be
Less happy in your life of pleasant bliss
And not less fortunate than you have been.
Remember all our plans about the fort;
Perhaps again I'll see your wife upon
The road. I'd like to meet her cousin too.
Adieu, my Arnold, 'till we meet!

Arnold.

Adieu!

(General LaFayette leaves. Arnold nervous.)

Arnold.

Now, what if he this very afternoon
Should meet the couple on the road and they
By accident should let the secret out?
Ah, if he knew 'twere André with my wife,
And could his mind the secret thought detect!
If suddenly he should upon them come
Will they have wit enough to help them out?
About that cousin-business should he enquire—
And sure as life we had it not this way
That he her cousin was to be—but then
To luck I'll trust; it never yet has failed.

*(Mrs. Arnold and André ride up. It is deep twilight.
They come into the house.)*

Mrs. Arnold.

O, husband dear, the narrow risk we ran
Did make my heart palpitate with dread,
And hardly yet I'm over with the fright.

Arnold.

And what, dear Maggie, was the risk you ran?
You show the symptoms plainly still of fright.

André.

Why, sir, we met LaFayette face to face,
Yes face to face, and scarce a mile from here;
He recognized your wife, though she was veiled,
And reined his steed unto a "front-face" halt,
And so it seemed to us, indeed he was,
Sir, over curious to ascertain
From whence we came, how fast we rode, and who
I was; yea, many questions did he ask
That brought the tell-tale blushes to our cheeks.

Arnold (jestingly).

Ha! ha! Indeed it seemed to you of course!
The guilty wretch afflicted always is
With vain suspicions, and his conscience makes
The villain shun his very shadow in
Alarm and start to hear his own heart beat.

André.

Quite complimentary, I sure must say,
To place me in the villain's stead and put
An evil conscience in my soul; that makes
Me out a coward base, contemptible.
My mission then deserves for me disgrace,
And had it thus appeared before I came,

Sir, not a step would I have come, and you'd
Have been compelled some other plan or way
To have devised to carry out the scheme.

Arnold.

Oh no, my André, you mistake me quite.
I simply did an illustration use
To show how varied our experience is,
How sometimes we are thus, at other times
The very opposite. You understand
I did no personal reflection cast,
For here's my wife the central figure in
The play. How could I, therefore, dare pronounce
It mean or low, or think it was contemptible?

Mrs. Arnold.

It would have done you good if you had seen
How dextrously we played our parts and how
That Major André did succeed. The role
Of cousin he did play, and perfectly
He acted out his part.

Arnold.

Ah, good it is.

This very thing I told the General
That you, my dear, was riding out and with
Your cousin from the city, so it hits
Exactly all around; the Gods are pleased
And do approve our plans; let's to work
And here and now the plans complete.

Mrs. Arnold.

But ere you here become engaged upon
Your work let's have our luncheon over, then
The better will you be prepared the task

To undertake; I'll have the servant now
To bring refreshments here, and as you have
But little time and much to say, you can
Discuss at lunch the points you wish to make.

André.

Ah, this is certainly the very plan,
And while we sip our tea we can dispose
Of much that's on our minds. And then how free
Our spirits flow around the festive board.
'Tis there our talk is bold, with tongues untied,
And wit is sharpened to the razor's edge.
To you, dear madame, do we vote our thanks
For these suggestions valuable. But then
We need not be surprised; a woman does
It take to quick conceive the proper plan.

Arnold.

Then order brought, and quickly too, the lunch;
Let's eat and drink and merry will we be
Though e'en the morrow should some sorrow send
Or disappointment bitter to our hearts.

(Mrs. Arnold retires.)

André.

You seem, dear Arnold, much inclined to take
The sad and melancholy view of things;
It does appear in all you say and do.
You seem bewitched with apprehensions dark
And terrible; the smile upon your face
Belies your looks; uneasily it rests
Upon your brow, and shadows come and go
Like passing clouds are wont to cast! Cheer up
And let the past now be forgot, yea lost

In dreams of future honors and rewards,
That you shall sure enjoy to the full.

Arnold.

Ah, André, you can trust me to the end,
And sure the plan shall executed be
So far as lies with me, for I am now
Committed to the task and will not shrink.

(Mrs. Arnold returns.)

But Maggie there can testify that I
Have trembled, hesitated on the brink;
But now the Rubicon is passed, the leap's
A fearful one indeed; but, sir, you have
Not me to praise for here's the inspiration,
Nay more, the leading actor in the play.

Mrs. Arnold.

'Tis true, I am to blame; if blame there'll be
Pronounced I'll bear it all; for more than twice
Or thrice he seemed to shrink, and once indeed
Was nearly ready to withdraw and lose
The golden opportunity. But still
He hearkened to my strong appeals and said
That for my sake there's nothing he'd refuse
To do, and based his reason for the deed
Upon his love for me and his fidelity.
I therefore did accept it thus—a proof
Of his devotion true.

Arnold.

And mark ye what

I then declared when you your point had gained,
That should there follow ill or should it be
That it might so turn out that England should

Not win the fight, and Independence be
By all the colonies obtained, we should
Be held in deep disgrace! And your reply
Was strong, "Let fall on me the deep disgrace
You so much dread—the scare-crow of your soul!"

Mrs. Arnold.

Here comes the lunch; but I must tell you now,
Dear Major, how he treated me—just as
Old Adam did—as all men do—he laid
Upon his wife the blame; you hear him now.

(The lunch is spread.)

Arnold.

Well, let us drop the past and here direct
Attention to the tea; but here before
We do proceed to eat, our appetites
Must have an edge, therefore a little sip
Of brandy is required. This brandy, sir,
Is excellent; by all pronounced the best.
It was from Paris lately brought, and as
A present. Lafayette to Washington
Did bring it, sir, and Washington with me
Divided liberally. So let's a toast,
A health to this our undertaking.

(Arnold here fills three glasses.)

André.

Excuse me, Gen'ral, if you please; I'll take
A glass of water, sir, instead, and then
Will certainly the health propose.

Arnold.

And do

You now in truth refuse this royal draught?
You never put to lips a better drink.

André.

I never put unto my lips a drink
Of anything that stupefies my brain ;
And certainly to-night we need to have
Our brains all clear to execute our task.

Arnold.

And what is this you say—you never drink ?
And certainly it cannot be that you,
Dear André, are thus ignorant of all
The raptures of the bowl, its quick delights,
Its ecstacies, its magic bliss, the thrill
Of mind that's indescribable ? 'Tis thus
That thou couldst drown all care, all pain forget,
And nurse the sweetest dreams, and fondly gaze
On brightest scenes and pictures loveliest
Blest fancy paints for thee ; mind-ravishing
Are they in loveliness unutterable.

André.

And, sir, most certainly I must confess
My ignorance ; and if the picture is
As you have painted it, it is not strange
That there be devotees at Bacchus' shrine.
But I prefer in blissful ignorance
To be and to remain, for there must be
Assuredly, according to all law,
Another side unto the picture, sir—
The sure reaction that must follow with
The awful sinking down of spirits ruined.

(Fool comes in.)

Fool.

That's what I call philosophy ; and sure
He talks just like the feller who's been there.

He seems to understand that we must take
The spirits down to keep the spirits up ;
In fact, 'tis always spirits, up or down,
And spirits all the time innumer'ble ;
About a thousand after me last night,
And here's the truth : they're worse to fight than all
The crew of red-coat Britishers, and there's
To every pint a thousand, more or less,
According to the stamp upon the cask.

Arnold.

All right, then, Andre and Sir Stultus here
Of course will leave it all for me ; I'll risk
The spirits I may find here in this pint.

Fool.

And as you did on Sunday night the last,
You'll wish the parson with his prayers to come
So you can take the oath, and swear
To total abstinence forevermore.

André.

Now, Gen'ral give it up, confess you're beat,
And let Sir Stultus name the prize he's won.
But ho ! 'tis getting on into the night,
And we have had enjoyment so great
That we the business have forgot ; and now
Your pardon beg, but sure we ought to be
Engaged in matters, I admit
Not half so pleasant, but the pleasure we
Another time will quaff unto the brim.

(Exit Fool.)

Arnold.

And now the room is cleared, so we'll proceed
To business.

(*To Mrs. Arnold.*)

And have all retired, my dear?

André.

And are you sure no itching ear's about,
No prying eye? This is enchanted ground;
My heart with apprehensions serious
Seems to be filled.

Arnold.

Your heart's untrained; you need
A drilling in the school of strategy.
So we'll begin to-night, and I will teach
You your first lesson in the art; and apt
You'll be, I'm sure.

(*To his wife.*)

And, Maggie, you perhaps
Had best retire; you need the rest, and it
Will be no pleasure here for you to sit
And hear of phrases military, plans
In soldier phraseology described.

Mrs. Arnold.

Then, gentlemen, I bid you, sirs, good night,
And may the lucky star beam on your way.

(*She retires*)

Arnold (takes out map).

Here, André, is the map of all the plans
Proposed, and, furthermore, a map that shows

The key—position of the point—and how
You can arrange to land your forces safe
From all attack, and in possession you
Can be of all the field ere they will learn
That there's a single soldier on the ground.

(Here shows the map, describes pointedly, etc.)

André.

Now, Arnold, here's the difficulty in
The way: the papers I of course must have
To give to Clinton in New York; now how
Am I to safe secure them on myself
In case I might arrested be and searched?

Arnold.

Of course you'll have the pass, and by me signed
Officially, and you can pass the lines
Without the least concern of capture, sir.
The pass I give to you, old Washington
Himself is bound at once to show respect.

André.

Then you'll advise me certainly to go
This very night; delay is dangerous.

Arnold.

But here I'll write and stamp officially
The pass; 'twill carry you, sir, anywhere
Except to Heaven—but you are not now
Upon a journey there.

André.

I trust I'm not

Upon my way below.

Arnold. You're going South,
I think, and that is what we call below.
But here's the pass; and now the documents
You put into your boots, upon the soles,
And even should you get entrapped, you can
Quite easy, I presume, there safe secure
The map; the pass be careful not to lose.

André.
Now, sir, the moon is out, and I should be
Upon my way; 'twill give me light to see
Sufficiently to keep the proper road.

Arnold.
A portion of the line is difficult
To find, but I will go and pilot you
Until we strike the thoroughfare that leads
Directly South, a dozen miles or so;
Then you will have no trouble in the least
To make your way, and by to-morrow night
You'll be beyond the lines, on neutral ground.

André.
I am indeed most grateful, sir, for this;
I do confess securer I will feel.

Arnold.
Then we will go. I will not wake my wife,
For by the break of morn I will return,
And she will not the wiser be about
Affairs we thus have shaped. Come, now we go;
Our steeds are royal blood, the distance will
Appear but brief—as all true wit must be.

*(They retire through the hall into the yard. End of Scene
II of Act IV.)*

ACT IV—SCENE III.

(*Next morning. ARNOLD has not returned. MRS. ARNOLD, alarmed, comes into the room where they had the conference.*)

Mrs. Arnold.

And sure enough they're gone; 'tis strange indeed
That he should thus take leave, inform me not
Of his intention to be gone. And knew
He not last night that he would absent be?
Perhaps he wished not to disturb me in
My sleep; 'twas kindness after all in him.
O happy is the wife, and doubly blest,
Who has a husband thus, so kind, so dear,
And for her sake, ah, anything will do.
'Twas this dear quality of heart that made
Him yield to me in this heroic work.
But I will call a servant here. Perhaps
He left some word.

(*She rings the bell. Enter Fool.*)

And when your master left
Last night, did he a message leave for me?

Fool.

Not any message did he leave with me.
He thought that no one saw or knew he left.
I heard him tell the man he would return
Before the morn, and would not you disturb.

Mrs. Arnold.

He left, you say, with him? What time of night?

Fool.

'Twas after midnight long ; and how I came
To know, I had not closed my eyes in sleep,
And as they came into the hall, upon
Their way that through the garden led, I heard
This part of their low whispered conversation.

Mrs. Arnold.

But this is worse far than I had dreamed,
For he has failed to keep his promise ;
And sure I fear it is some accident
Unlooked for has occurred. Oh, why should he
Thus leave and not make known to me his plan ?
He has not even left a note for me
Explaining why he goes so suddenly.
My soul with apprehensions dire is filled ;
And oh, how terrible is this suspense !

Fool.

If, mistress dear, your conscience is at ease,
And nought there is you'd blush for all the world
To know connected with this business,
Then why not be content ? 'Tis virtue's boast
And privilege to nothing fear but God.
But did you not this morning hear the loud
Report of cannon and artillery ?
Perhaps the British have the fort attacked,
And there is where the Gen'ral's detained,
For like the war-horse does he sniff the scent
Of battle from afar—to him a luxury.

Mrs. Arnold.

What can it mean, this morning's cannonade ?
The plan has failed, I fear. Agreement was

That no attack be made upon the fort
Until the landing secretly of all
The forces near the point effected be ;
And full three days or more it will require
To consummate the plan. Oh, surely there
Has something terrible occurred to-day.
But, Stultus, can't you go and ascertain
For me the news ? The swiftest-footed steed
You take and fly as if for very life
Towards the fort, and open wide sure keep
Your eyes, your ears, and bring me all the news.

Fool.

Ah, yes, I'll fly and swifter than the wind ;
But ha—ha—ha ! a fool you choose to send
On such a mission as this. Seems to me
'Twould take a man with brains ; but here I go.

(Fool leaves the stage in a hurry.)

Mrs. Arnold.

How slow the time will drag until I hear
The news. Oh, how to spend the weary hours,
To make the time pass quickly by ; would that
In sweet unconsciousness of everything—

(Fool enters hurriedly.)

Fool.

Indeed 'tis true a bloody battle's been,
And there are wild reports of many killed,
And seven of the officers. Among
The slain was Captain Wharton, who was brought
Upon a litter by our very door.

Mrs. Arnold.

But what about the General, my dear,
Dear husband, who I am afraid is killed?

Fool.

He was not in the fight, and no one knows
His whereabouts; concerning him I heard
Much talk indeed.

Mrs. Arnold.

And pray what did you hear?

Fool.

A letter on the Captain who was killed
Was found; and they did say the General
Was mixed up with some strange affair about
A British Major André, I believe.

Mrs. Arnold (agitated).

Oh, that they would come! How shall I live
Until I see again my husband dear?

Fool.

I hear some one right now, and Arnold sure;
It is his walk.

(Arnold enters.)

Mrs. Arnold.

Oh where, and is it he?

It is, it is my husband sure enough.

Oh, dear, the joy you have brought to me

By this return! My heart was full of fears.

Arnold.

A thousand pardons do I beg, my dear,
Sweet, darling wife, for leaving you; but we
Will speak of that some other time than now.
Indeed, a moment only have I now

To claim your smiles, the sunshine of my heart,
For I am quickly ordered to the front.
A battle is expected hourly now,
And on the field to day I sure must be.

(Enter messenger with despatch.)

Here comes a courier now, perhaps with news;
He comes for me to go immediately.

(He reads.)

And sure it is a note from Washington,
But not to leave as I did think. He will
Himself and staff be with us here to-day.

(Enter Hamilton and McHenry.)

Arnold.

And here is Hamilton indeed! Well, Gen'ral,
Most happy, sir, to welcome you I am,
And welcome to your friend, who I believe
Is aid-de-camp to Marquis LaFayette?

(Enter Mrs. Arnold, who is introduced to Maj. McHenry.)

And Major, here's my wife, and, Maggie this
Is Major Henry with the *Mac* annexed,
In deference to the Scotch; he's aid-de-camp
To Marquis Lafayette. Now, gentlemen,
Remember please your welcome here, and be
At perfect ease.

Hamilton.

Both Gen'als Washington
And Knox will also in an hour or so
Be with us here. Our first intention was
To breakfast with you here to-day, and spend
A while in perfecting our future plans.

Mrs. Arnold.

Then certainly our breakfast we'll defer
Until they come.

McHenry.

But Washington sent word that you should not
Await their coming, for it might be late,
And wished no special preparations made
On their behalf.

Arnold.

So then we will proceed.

I know you don't object ; a soldier is
Not slow in business of this character.

Hamilton.

I think you rightly understand the case,
For we have eaten naught since yesterday.

Mrs. Arnold.

Then, gentlemen, you're just in time ; we were
Just going to our meal when you arrived.

Arnold.

Then come right in ; all things are now prepared.

(*All sit at table.*)

Hamilton.

The breakfast's not the chief attraction here,
So Washington allowed ; he made remark
That all the young men of the army came
To see especially the reigning queen,
Whose beauty was the fascination here.

Mrs. Arnold.

And truly complimentary he was,
For he is not accustomed thus to speak.

(Messenger comes with letter. Arnold reads, excuses himself, and speaks to his wife aside.)

Arnold.

Well, gentlemen, I'm sorry to announce
That I must now be off. A matter, sirs,
Most serious demands this sudden leave ;
And please excuse my wife a moment too ;
She'll soon return. Be hurried not, but eat.

(Mr. and Mrs. Arnold retire.)

Hamilton.

Well, Major, soon the reinforcements will
Be here—the Marquis, Washington and Knox—
And if they prove successful as we have
In this attack on Mrs. Arnold's meat,
There'll have to be another breakfast cooked ;
The commissary sure will have to bring,
A fresh supply from Philadelphia,
For Arnold's home, headquarters is for all.

(LaFayette enters, with letter in hand.)

LaFayette.

And where is Gen'ral Arnold, gentlemen ?

Hamilton.

He suddenly was called away just now.
A messenger in flying haste did bring
A letter that compelled his instant leave.

LaFayette.

Whom can we trust? Here's information terrible !
Why, Arnold is a traitor, sirs, and he
Is now escaping in his flight. 'Twas this,
The capture of the spy, he ascertained

That made him break away so hastily.
But where's your hostess, Mrs. Arnold, gone?

Servant.

She's lying like she's dead now in her room ;
She dropped upon the floor just as he left.

La Fayette.

Let's see her quick ; perhaps she needs our help.
Go, Hamilton, and the Sergeant with you.

(They go, and return directly.)

Hamilton.

She had so terrible a shock that she
Did faint, but she appears much better now.
She said her husband there confessed the crime.
She wants to go unto her father's home
Immediately, in Philadelphia.

(*Courier enters with message for LaFayette, who reads and says.*)

La Fayette.

No longer here delay, but every man
Must now be at his post and ready for
Emergencies. The enemy will strike
A heavy blow ; the plan is here revealed.
The only thing that saved us sure defeat
Was Major André's capture by the scouts,
Three raw militiamen.

Hamilton. Three cheers, hurrah !
Three cheers, and for the raw militiamen.

La Fayette.

But on towards the river, and we'll try

To capture Arnold ere he makes escape
Unto the enemy. No time to wait.
A thousand pounds reward for Arnold's head,
Or André in exchange if he escapes,
So Gen'ral Washington has order given.
We go, and Arnold's capture is the word ;
Hence, forward now immediately proceed.

(*End of Act IV.*)

ACT V—SCENE I.

(*The officer announcing in jail the "death-warrant" to
ANDRÉ. GEN. HAMILTON enters with officer.*)

Officer.

And, sir, I come upon my mission now,
'Tis to my heart most painful—'tis indeed.

André.

I understand—it is my death warrant
That you have come to formally announce.

Officer.

As thou hast said ; it is the sentence of
The court—the verdict they have now proclaimed.
One hour hence you die, and by the mode
Prescribed by law in case of criminals.

André.

Great heavens ! has it come to this, that like
A dog I shall be hung ! And pray, why will
They not, sir, like a soldier let me die ?

But oh, the barb'rous mode of hanging, sir,
The vile disgrace of dying by the rope,
Does send a creeping terror through my soul.

Hamilton.

My brave and noble friend, it almost breaks
My heart to see you die, and there is not
In all the army one but would now give
To you your liberty. Great Washington
Has wept in sympathy ; all hearts are sad.
'Tis Arnold, not yourself, who is disgraced,
And now deserves your present bitter fate.

André.

I thank you truly, sir, most noble friend,
For these kind, cheering words of sympathy.
It is a sad, a strange existence that
We spend on earth. Who could or would have thought
That thus affairs would shape themselves ? But then
The way is made, and I must walk therein.
Most noble Hamilton, I thank you much
For condescending here to visit me
In company with this dear officer,
Whose tender heart doth beat in sympathy.
Now to you, sir, as to a brother man,
I make appeal, that you will see, when I
Am dead, that no aspersions shall be cast
Upon my memory ; but that the world
Shall understand I was no spy, but that
I came upon an errand which I thought
Was wholly different ; for I was not
To meet with Arnold save on neutral ground
And under flag of truce. But fate, it seems,

Had ordered otherwise, and here am I
 Condemned a spy, and as a spy to die !
 Ah, sir, I did so hope that Washington
 (So noble is he called) would sure relent,
 And for my mother's and for my sister's sake,
 And for *another's* too, would save me from
 The cruel, barb'rous death of hanging, sir.

(Hamilton and guard weep.)

How like a dream ! like walking in my sleep !
 I shrink not back in awful dread of death ;
 For to my country I have pledged my life,
 And so to-day the promise is fulfilled.
 But oh, to die as if a criminal !

(Here he draws from his pocket a handkerchief.)

This bandage for my eyes please let it be,
 This handkerchief my mother sent, and by
 My only sister made ; see here's her name
 Conjoined with mine in this dear monogram ;
 And let it be preserved when I am dead—
 Yea, wrapped up with my body, which you will
 Of course be kind enough to send to them,
 And tell them that I died, as all brave men,
 Without a fear, and for my native land.

(Gives him a picture.)

And this, let it in death rest on my heart.

(Officer and Hamilton weep.)

Weep not for me, but rather do rejoice
 That by this death I now can prove my love
 To dear old England—land that gave me birth.
 But let's away unto the place where I
 Must die ; impatiently I wait the hour.

(*Addressing Hamilton.*)

Here, take my arm and bear me company,
Dear friend, unto the place of my reward,
And keep with me the step, and soldier-like,
Whose march is forward—on to victory.

(*Exit Hamilton and André arm-in-arm.*)

ACT V—SCENE III.

(*London. Fifteen years elapsed. ARNOLD, in poverty and disgrace, is dying in an obscure garret. His only daughter, now a young lady, with him, and one of his sons by his first wife. ARNOLD half-reclining on an old sofa, muttering secretly; and as the curtain rises, the Priest enters.*)

Arnold (sternly but feebly).

And who hast sent for thee, thou man of God?
Who bids you in this place to see me die?
Or hast thou dropped in here by accident,
Or sent by some kind angel on thy rounds
With benedictions, and hath made mistake,
Not knowing where you are, or whom you see?

Priest.

Ah, sir, 'tis not by chance or accident
That hither have I come, but here I am
In answer, sir, unto the strong appeal
And pitiful of one who loves you more
Than any other thing below the stars;

Of one whose life is with thy life bound up,
And who has begged kind heaven for your soul—
It is the bidding of your daughter, sir.

Arnold.

Great God! You say my daughter bade you here?
And hath she told to you my history?
Ah, man of God, thou knowest not me whom
You now address. Why, sir, there's not a man
In all of England now that would be seen
Here in my company. Full well I know
I am the only man in all the world
That can affirm the awful truth that not
In all the earth he has or dares to claim
One single sympathizing, loving friend.
But never yet, since man began to live,
Has there another wretch like me been born,
Except the traitor to his God, the fiend
Incarnate who did barter off his Lord.
My soul I've bargained off for cursed gold,
The love of which consumed my very life,
And for an empty honor and a place
High up 'mong men the foremost of the earth,
To gratify my lust of pride and power,
And for the sake of one who's now in heav'n.
Oh, holy man, thou knowest not to whom
Thou dardest talk, or thou wouldst quit the place.

Priest.

But, Arnold dear, perhaps I know too well
The soul-sad story of thy life that's past.
You failed to recognize me when I came,
And first I thought to keep you ignorant;

But knowest thou, dear sir, I am your friend,
I am the minister you once did love,
And honor gave in Philadelphia
When you secured my services upon
Your marriage to your wife, who's now in heaven.

Arnold.

Oh, God! what tides of sacred memories
Rise on my soul! The past so damnable
Doth rise before my gaze. Servant of God,
Thy very presence here doth wake the thoughts
Of hell and set my brain on fire! Ah, do
You now suppose there is, or can there be,
One ray of hope for me, one single star
To break the gloom that shrouds my very soul?
For *me* to hope, an outcast, sir, from earth,
From heaven, from everywhere, excepting hell!

Priest.

But wrong thou art for entertaining thoughts
Like these—they'll drive thee to the very verge
Of madness, sir! Then banish from thy mind
Such gloomy fears and apprehensions dire;
Thou hast assuredly by suffering
Propitiation made, if suffering can
Atone for crime; and look for sympathy
To Heaven's sent Prince of sufferers,
Who makes for thee and all, a better way,
To future life of endless blessedness.

Arnold.

Ah, gentle sir, the whirlwind now I reap,
The terrors of my soul unbearable!
But, sacred friend, within my secret heart

There is a gleam of hope, and heaven knows
How I have cursed the bitter day ; and there
May come a quiet after death. But here—

*(Seizing the United States flag that he has with him by his
couch, he says.)*

My fellow-countryman look, dost thou know
This flag? Hast thou not known or understood
The nature of the love that fills the soul
Of freemen for our country and her flag,
The banner that doth wave in victory ?
Yes, man, I know full well thou talkest of
Another banner, and thou callest it
The banner of the cross, religion, sir.
Ah, didst thou know this banner is the one
I first did love, the one for which I fought,
For which I shed my blood, and freely too
As ever priest did pour libation on
The altar of the holy sacrifice.
But oh, ye gods, look not on me. This flag
I did forswear, forsake and turn my face
Against ! Yet heaven knows I love it still,
And now would die a thousand deaths to prove,
To my country my love and loyalty.
I left it in that moment when I gave
My honor and my soul, my all, for gold.
Oh, cursed be the hellish greed for gold !
My time's at hand, and for a winding-sheet
This banner of my country now shall be.

(Enter Miss Arnold.)

Priest.

Here comes thy daughter and thy son to speak to thee,

For them I sent in haste ; a little while
'Twill be and we shall speak no more on earth.

Arnold.

My child ! my child ! thy very presence burns
Like iron hissing hot ; for 'tis the thought
Of thy disgrace that harrows up my soul.
The "*traitor's child*," yes this will be the cry
In every mouth ; they'll point to her in scorn,
And shout aloud, " There goes the traitor's child."
And oh, my darling son, I here commit
To thee thy sister, and thy father's joy.
The deep dishonor I bequeath to thee
By deeds heroic, and in Heaven's name, wipe out.
It leaves a stain ; if blood could wash it out,
Thy father now would pour his heart's last drop,
And pray to live his life of torment over
To make it sure the damned spot was gone.

*(Seizes his old uniform, the one used when Colonel in the
American army.)*

See here ! this coat ; there is a stain of blood,
And here also the British sword did pierce.
This is the trophy of the victory ;
This uniform of chivalry I wore
When I was pure in heart, in honor pure.

*(He puts the coat on and seizes and waves the flag and be-
comes delirious.)*

Here, priest of God, now help me on with it.
Once more I feel afresh the tide of life
Quick bounding in my veins ; once more I feel
The pulsing thrill that fires the patriot's heart,
The inspiration of the victory.

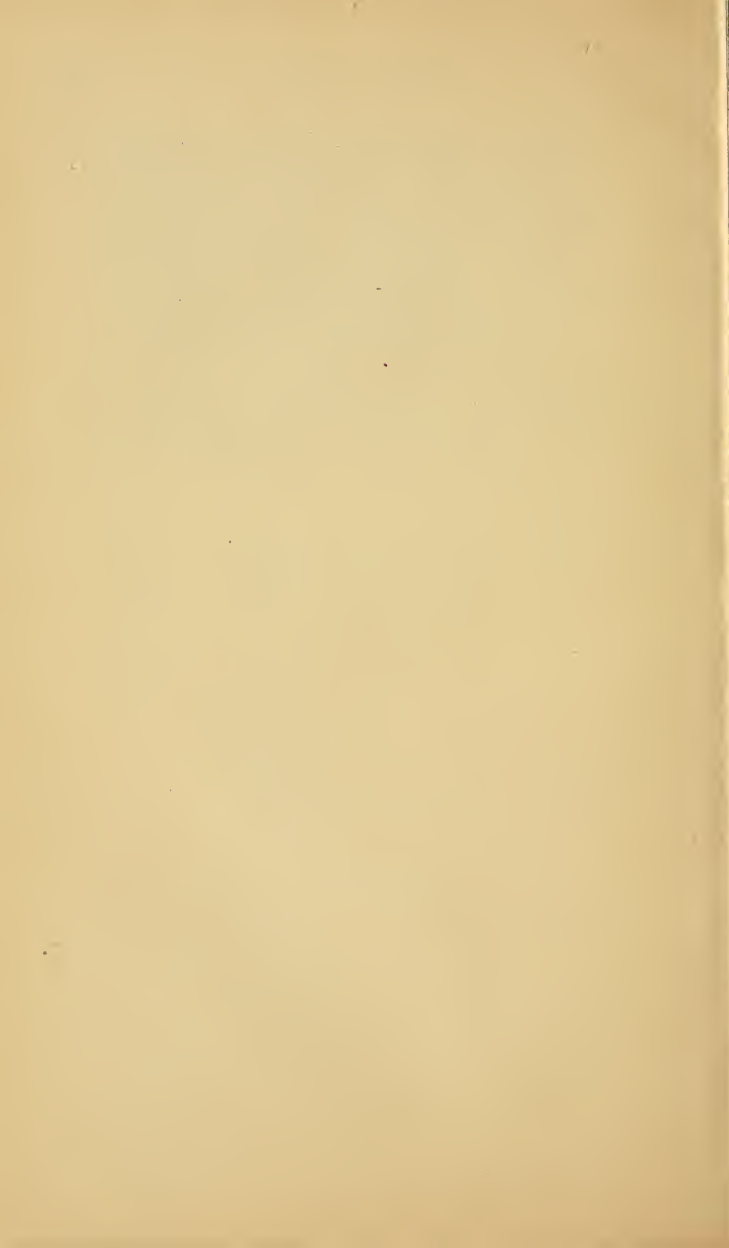
I see the foe advance—they charge to death.
Upon the right and left they press, they come
In columns three-fold deep, with furious speed.
Now forward, men! Remember Bemis heights,
The bloody day before old Quebec's walls.
The bulwarks charge! and hold your steady aim.
I see they meet; with bayonets they clash;
They falter! fly! Now let them have it—Fire!

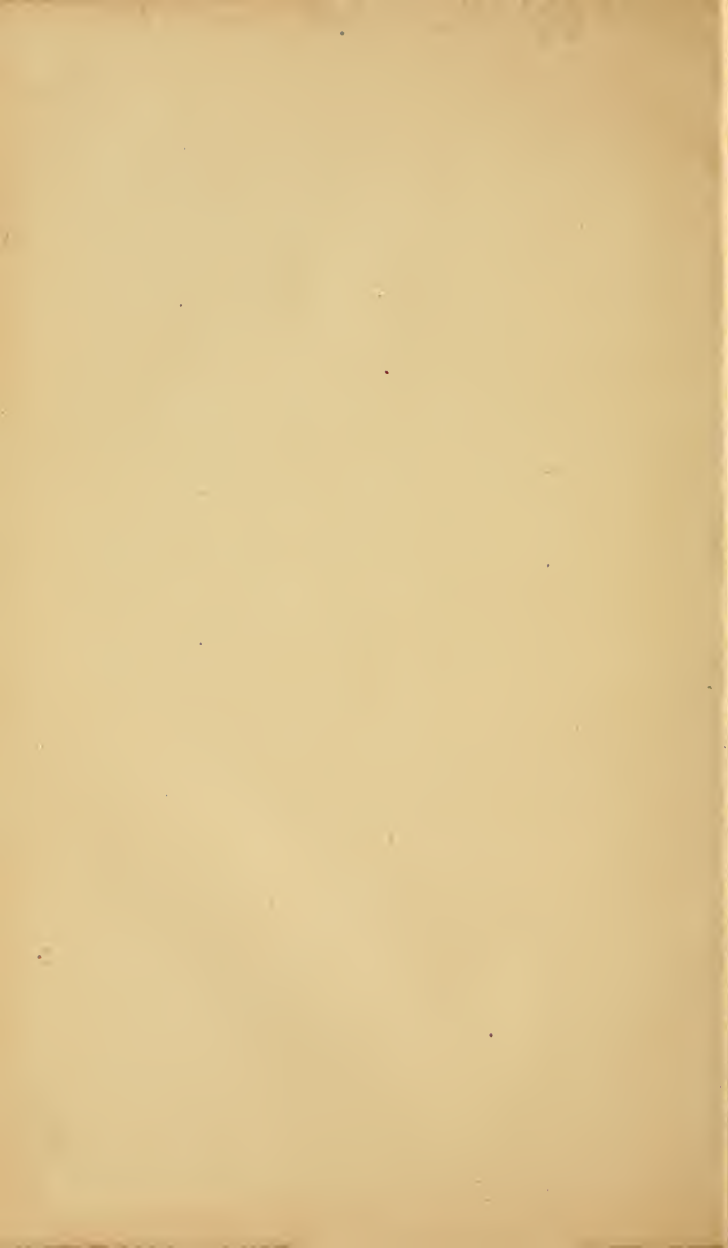
(Arnold staggers, reels, falls and dies. Upon him falls his daughter, and beside her his son, who have stood amazed before him. Curtain drops.)

END OF THE TRAGEDY.

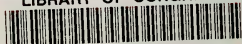
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